
The minde of the Frontspiece.

*Reader, behinde this silken Frontspiece lyes
The Argument of our Booke; which, to your eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best knowne
Vnto her selfe) commands should be unshowne :
And therefore, to that end, she hath thought fit
To draw this Curtaine, twixt your eye and it.*

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ARGALVS and PARTHENIA

The Argument of y^e History

Argalus
upon
became
loued
Parthenia to
Demetrius
and
Cyprius
when
the king
to enter
lus (who
messenger
ter with
under y^e fall
by y^e same

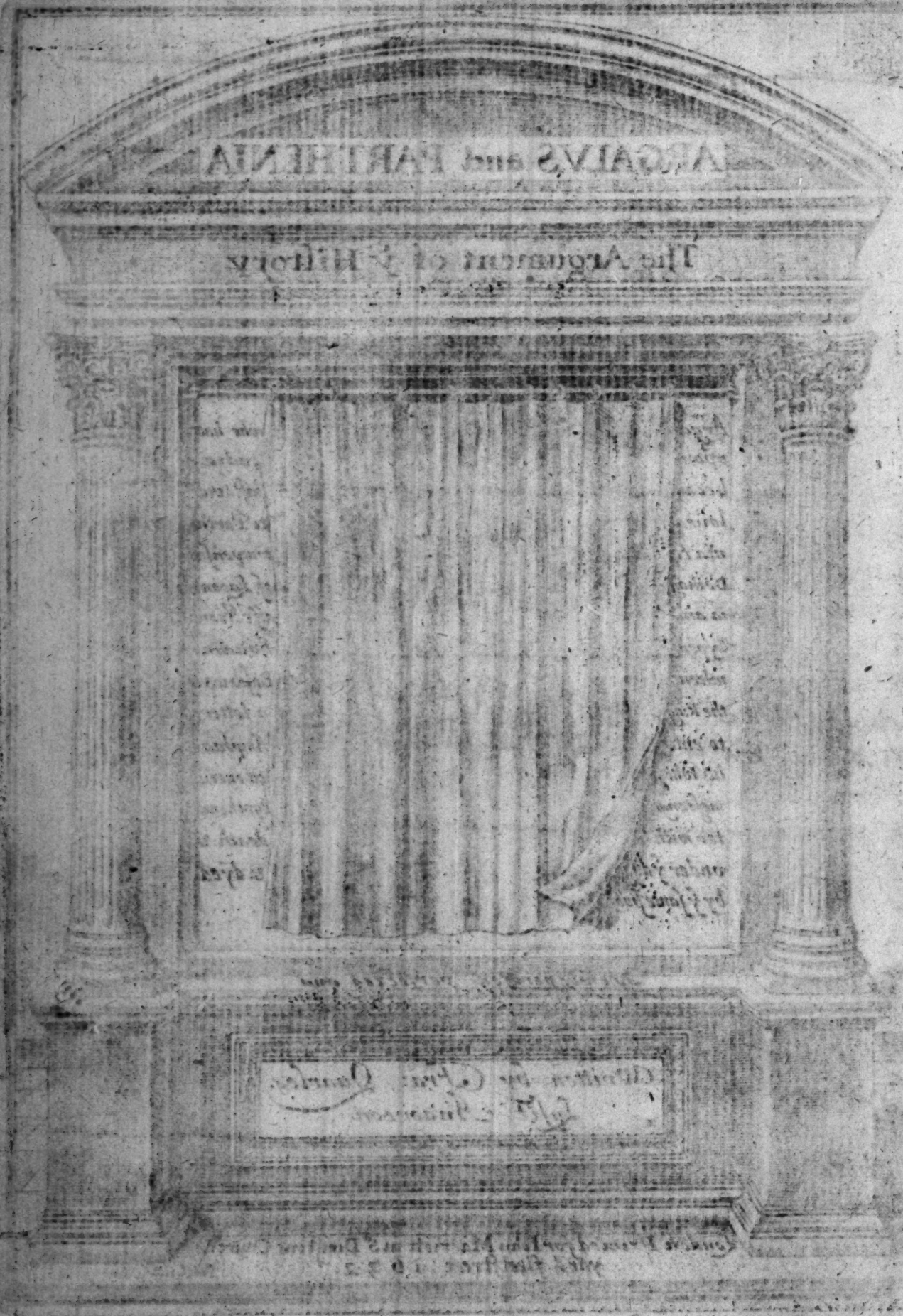
who had
Cadia
inflamed
to Parthenia
compense
of Laconia
affection
honour;
Basilus
a letter
Amphibia
to encourage
Parthenia
death &
& dyed

Newly perused, perfected and

Written by Fra: Quarles.
Lusit Anacreon

London Printed for Iohn Marriott in S^t Dunstons Church
yard fleetstreet . 1632.

The Cecil Shop



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KEN-
SINGTON, EARLE OF HOL-
LAND, CAPTaine OF HIS
MA^{ties} GVARD, AND GENTLE-
MAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE VNI-
VERSITIE OF CAMBRIDGE,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NO-
BLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,
ONE OF HIS MAIESTIES
MOST HONORABLE
PRIVIE COVNSEL:

AND GREAT EXAMPLE OF
TRVE HONOVRA AND
CHIVALRY:

FR A: QVARES
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES
HIS *ARGALVS* AND
PARTHENIA.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD RICH OF KEN-
SINGTON, EARLE OF HOE-
LAND, CAPTAIN OF HIS
MAJESTY'S GUARD, AND GENTLE-
MAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER,
CHANCELLOR OF THE VNI-
VERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NO-
BLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTIES
MOST HONORABLE
PRIVATE COUNSELLERS,
AND GREAT EXAMPLER OF
TRAVELE AND
CHIVALEY:

FRANCIS
PRESENTS AND DEDICATES
HIS WORKS AND
PRACTICES

To the Reader.

Reader:

I Present thee here with a history of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, the fruits of broken houres: It was a *Silens* taken out of the Orchard of Sir *Philip Sydney*, of pretious memory, which I haue lately grafted up- on a Crab-stocke, in mine own: It hath brought forth many leaues, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This Booke differs from my former, as a *Courtier* from a *Churchman*: But if any thinke it unfit, for one to play both parts, I have *presidents* for it: And let such know, that I haue taken but one play-day in fixe: Howeuer, I should beshrew that hand that bindes them all together to make one *Volume*. In this Discourse, I haue not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of *strong lines*, which (as they fabulously report of *China* dishes) are made for the third *Generation* to make use of, & are the meere itch of wit; under the colour of which, many haue ventured (trusting to the *Oedipean* cōceit of their ingenious Reader) to write *non-sense*, & felloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some painters, who first make the picture, then, from the opinion of better iudgements, conclude, whom it resembles. These lines are strong enough for my purpose; If not for thine, yet read them, & your understandings may be magnified by their weakenes. Reader, thou shalt, in the progresse of this *Story*, meet with a seeming *Solicisme*; which is this; *Demagoras* his so foule a deed,

perpetrated upon the faire *Parthenia*, is fully exprest;
and yet, the revenge thereof past over in silence;
wherein (as I conceive) I haue not dealt uniuersally.
When *Prometheus* stole fire from heaven to animate
and quicken his artificiall bodies, the seuerer Gods
for punishment of so high a *Sacriledge*, stricke him
not dead with a sudden *Thunder bolt*, but (to be more
deeply auenged) let him liue, to be tormented with
Vultures, continually gnawing on his *Liuer*. The same
kinde of torture had *Ixion*: so had *Sisyphus*: so had
Tantalus: Did then *Demagoras* fault equall (if not
exceed) theirs, and should his punishment bee lesse?
Had my pen deliuered him dead into your hands,
what could ye have had more? His accursed memo-
ry had soone rotted with his baser name, and there
had beene an end of him: In which respect, I haue
suffered him to liue, that he might stand like a *Lack-a-
Lent*, or a *Shroving Cocke* for every one to spend a
Cudgell at, to the worlds end. *Ladies* (for in your sil-
ken laps I know this booke will choose to lye, which
being farre fetched, if the *Stationer* be wise, will bee
most fit for you) my suit is, that you would be plea-
sed to giue the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertain-
ment: She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintāce,
and is come to liue & dye with you; to whose gentle
hands I recommend her, and kisse them.

FR:QV.

Dublin this 4. of
March. 1628.

ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The first Booke.

VVithin the limits of th' Arcadian land,
Whose gratefull bounty hath enricht the
Of many a Shepherd swaine, whose rurall Art (hand
(Vntaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled loue) did build to Fame
Eternall *Trophies* of a pastorall name;
That sweet *Arcadia*, which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her oaten Reede,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claime to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* tree,
As his, whose louder *Aenead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings;
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said, to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent
Can serue but as a needlesse complement,
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, & Nature makes her owne.

Her

Her mother was a Lady, whom deepe age
More fill'd with honour, then diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberall of her eare;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her owne opinion strikes;
Frequent in almes, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads,
Wisely suspitious; but what need we other
Then this, she was the rare *Parthenia's* Mother;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye
Sits maiden-mildnesse, mixt with maiesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frownes or smiles, to make aliue, or kill;
Her cheekes are like two bancks of fairest flowers,
Inrich with sweetnesse from the twilight showers,
Whereon those iarres which were so often bred,
Compos'd were, betwixt the white and red:
Her haire raught downe beneath her yuory knees,
As if that Nature, to so rare a piece
Had meant a shadow, labouring to show
And boast the utmost, that her hand could doe:
Like smallest flaxe appear'd her Nymph-like haire,
But only flaxe was not so small, so faire:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd thinke, within,
In stead of teeth, that orient *Pearles* had bin:
The whitenesse of her dainty neck you know,
I euer you beheld the new-falne *Snow*;
Her Swan-like breasts were like two little *Sphaeres*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obuious but to euery eye,
All liberall Arts would turne *Astronomie*;
Her slender waist, her lilly hands, her armes

I dare not set to view, because all charmes
Forbidden are : My bashfull *Muse* descends
No lower steppe: Here her *Commission* ends,
And by another vertue doth enioyne
My pen to treat perfection, more diuine :
The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should ensue
In after ages, which we finde exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's* brest :
True vertue was the obiekt of her will;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill ;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lauish;
Yet free, but wisely waigh'd; more apt to rauish,
Then to entice, lesse beautifi'd with art,
Then naturall sweetnesse : In her gentle heart
Iudgement transcended : from her milder brest
Passion was not exiled, but repress:
Her voice excell'd, nay, had you heard her voyce
But warble forth, you might haue had the choyce,
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious *Angel*, that had bin
A trebble sharer in th'eternall ioyes,
Such was her voice, such was her heauenly voyce :
Merry, yet modest; witty and yet wise;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not rash; Courteous, & yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man :
In bricke, who would relate her praises well,
Must first bethinke himselfe, what is t'excell.

When these perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honour, spreads her hasty wings,
Aduanc'd her *Trumpet*, and away she springs,

B

And

And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclame
 Th'vnmated glory of *Partheniaes* name:
 Who now but faire *Parthenia*? what report
 Can finde admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
 But faire *Partheniaes*? Euery solemne feast
 Must now be sweetned, honourd, and posselt
 With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,
 And euery mouth must breathe *Partheniaes* story.
 The *Poet* summons now his amorous quill,
 And scornes assistance from the sacred *Hill*:
 The sweet-lipt *Oratour* takes in hand to raise
 His prouder stile, to speake *Partheniaes* praise.
 The curious *Painter* wisely doth displace
 Faire *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
 The *Pleader* burnes his bookes, disdaines the Law,
 And falls in loue with whom his eyes ne'er saw.
 Healths to the faire *Parthenia* flye about
 At euery bord, whilst others, more deuout,
 Build Idols to her, and adore the same;
 And *Parrats* learne to prate *Partheniaes* name:
 Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
 Her worth; some emulates, and some enuies;
 Some doubt; some feare lest lavish fame belie her,
 And all that dare beleue report, admire.

Vpon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
 Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord; Of proud command,
 Lord of much people, youthfull, and of fame
 More great then good; *Demagoras* his name,
 Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
 Thicke shoulderd, hollow cheek'd, & visage eager,
 His gashtull countenance swarthy, long and thinne,
 And downe each side of his reuerted chinne
 A lock of black neglected haire (befriended

With

With warts too vgly to be scene) descended;
 His rowling eyes were deeply suncke, and hiew'd
 Like fire; Tis said, they blisterd where they view'd.
 Vpon his shoulders, from his fruitfull crowne,
 A rugged crop of *Elfelocks* dangled downe:
 His hide all hairy; garish his attire,
 And his complexion meereley Earth and Fire,
 Perverse to all; extenuating what
 Another did, because he did it not:
 Maligning all mens actions but his owne,
 Not louing any, and belou'd of none:
 Reuengefull, enuious, desperately stout,
 And in a word, to paint him fully out,
 That had the *Monopolie* to fulfill
 All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill;
 He view'd *Partheniaes* face: As from aboue,
 Fireballs of lightning hurld by angry *Ioue*
 Confound the unarm'd beholder at a blow,
 And leaue him ruin'd in the place: Euen so
 The peerlesse beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
 At the first sight did conquer and surpris
 The slavish thoughts of his amazed louer,
 Who void of strength to hide, or to discouer
 The tyrannous scorching of this secret fires;
 Prompted by passion, with himselfe conspires;

Accurs'd Demagoras! Into what a fever
Hath one looke stricke thy soule? oh neuer neuer
To be recur'd: If I had done amisse,
Hath heauen no easier plagues in store, but this?
Promethius paines are not so sharpe as these,
Our sinnes yet labour'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equall; Both stole fire from heauen;
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?

Be iust; O make not such unequall odds
 Of equall sinnes: Be iust, or else no Gods:
 Why send you downe such Angels to the earth,
 To mocke poore mortalls? or of moreall birth
 If such a heauenlike Paragon may be,
 Why doe ye not wound her as well as me?
 But why doe I implore your aydes in vaine,
 That are the highest Agents in my paine?
 Poore wretch! What hope of helpe can ye assure me,
 When onely she, that made the wound can cure me?
 Diuine Parthenia, earths unvalued Iewell;
 Wouldst thou hadst beene lesse glorious or lesse cruell
 When first thine eyes did to these eyes appeare,
 I read the history of my ruine there,
 My necessary ruine: Heauen, nor Hell
 Can salue my sores, by helpe of Prayer, or spell;
 Gods are uniuersall; and if, with charmes, I haunt her,
 Her eyes are counter charmes, to enchant th'enchanted:
 Why doe I thus exulcerate my disease?
 By adding torments hope; I to finde ease?
 Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
 But must I bring fresh torments of my owne?
 Cheare up Demagoras: 'Tis a wise mans part
 Not to lose all, if his unpractis'd art
 Serues not to gaine: A Gamester may not choose
 His chance: It is some conquest not to loose:
 Look to thy selfe: Let no iniurious blast
 Of cold despaire chill thy greene wounds too fast
 For time to cure: O, hope for no remission
 Of paine, till Cupid send thee a Physition:
 She is a woman, if a woman, then
 My title's good; Women were made for men:
 She is a woman, though her beauntifull brow

Write Angell, and may steepe, although not now;
 Women, by lookes, will not be understood,
 Vntill their hearts aduise with flesh and blood:
 She is a woman; There's no reason why,
 But she (perchance) may burne as well as I,
 Mone then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know
 The strength of her owne beauty, in thy woe:
 Feare not, what thou ador'st; begin to mone,
 Chriscrosse fore-runs the Alphabet of lone:
 Tis halfe perfected, what is once begun;
 She is a woman; and she must be wonne.

Like as a Swaine, whose hands have made a vow
 And sworne allegiance to the peacefull plough,
 Prest out for seruice in the Martial campe,
 At first (unentred) finds a liuelesse dampe
 Beleagring euery ioynt; as often swounds
 As ere he viewes his sword, or thinks of wounds;
 At length (not finding any meanes for flying,
 Swicht and spurd on with desp'rate feare of dying)
 He hewes, he hackes, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deales about his frantick blowes;
 Euen so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion
 Had neuer yet subscrib'd to lones sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yeeld
 The day without a parly, till at length,
 Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength
 Of his owne passion, he himselfe assures,
 That desp'rate torments must haue desp'rate cures,
 And thus to the diuine Partheniaes cares
 Applies his speech, deuoid of doubts and feares;
 Fairest of creatures, If my ruder tongue,
 To right it selfe, should doe your patience wrong;

And lawlesse passion makes it too too free,
 O blame your heavenly beauty, and not me:
 It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
 Enforc'd my tongue to speake, or heart to burst:
 From those deare eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
 Which seekes for cure, and cannot be made sound,
 But by the hand that stricke; To you alone,
 I sue for helpe, that else must hope for none:
 Then crowne my ioyes, thou Antidote of despaire,
 And be as mercifull, as thou art faire,
 Nature, (the bounty of whose liberall hand
 Made thee the iewell of the Arcadian land)
 Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
 Her master peece: Hid Iewells are but lost:
 Shine then, and rob not nature of her due,
 But honour her, as she hath honour'd you
 Let not the best of all her workes lye dead
 In the nice Casket of a Maydenhead:
 What she would haue reueal'd, O do not smother,
 Th' art made in vaine, unless thou make another:
 Giue me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
 Lest thou shouldst want a heart, Ile give thee mine
 As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
 As thou, with vertue, or thine eyes, with beauty:
 Why dost thou frown? why does that heavenly brow
 Not made for wrinkles, show a wrinkle now?
 Send forth thy brighter sun-shine, and the while,
 O lend me but the twilight of a smile:
 Giue me one amorous glance: why standst thou muted?
 Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suite:
 Speake (love) or if thy doubtfull minde be bent
 To silence, let that silence be consent:
 Nor begge I love of almes, although in part,

My words may seeme t'implead my owne desert;
Disdaine me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, & enioy so faire a friend:
I, that haue oft, with teares, bin sought to, sue;
And Queenes haue bin his seruants, that serues you:
The beauties of all Greece haue bin at strife
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,
And bin despis'd, not worthy to obtaine
So high an honour; what they sought (in vaine)
I here present thee with, as thine owne due,
It being an honour fit for none but you:
Speake then (my loue,) and let thy lips make knowne,
That I am either thine or not mine owne:

Haue you beheld when fresh *Auroras* eye
Sends forth her early beames, and by and by
Withdrawes the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheekes behind a ruddy maske of clouds,
Which, who belecue in *Erra Pater* say,
Presages wind, and blustry stormes that day,
Such were *Parthenias* lookes; in whose faire face
Roses and *Lillies*, late had equall place,
But now, twixt mayden bashfulnesse, and spleene,
Roses appear'd, and *Lillies* were not scene:
She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breakes
Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speakes,

My Lord,
Had your strong Oratory but the Art,
To make me conscious of so great desert,
As you perswade, I should be bound in duty
To praise your Rhet'ricke, as you prize my beauty;
Or if the frailty of my iudgement could
Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold

Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as foolish, as you terme me faire.
If you vye Courtship, fortune knowes that I
Haue not so strong a Game, to see the vye :
Alas, my skill durst neuer undertake
To play the game, where hearts be set at stake ;
Needs must the losse be great, when such haue bin
Seldome obseru'd to saue themselves, that win :
You craue my heart; My Lord, you craue wit hall,
Too great a mischief; My poore heart's too small
To fill the concaue of so great a brest,
Whose thoughts can scorne the amorous request
Of lone-sicke Queenes, and can requite the vaine,
And factious suits of Ladies with disdain :
Stoope not so low beneath your selfe (great Lord)
To loue Parthenia : Shall so poore a word
Staine your faire lips? whose merits do proclame
A more transcendent fortune, then that name
Can giue: Call downe Loues winged Pursuiuant,
And giue his tongue the power to enchant
Some easie Goddesse, in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitfull earth
With Heroes sprung from so diuine a birth:
Partheniaes heart could neuer yet aspire
So high: Her homebred thoughts durst ne're desire
So fond an honour, matcht with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queenes haue been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S'vnfit a suit; Be wise as you are great :
Aduaunce your noble thoughts: hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be knowne

The lesse y' are mine, the more you are your owne.

Like as a guilty prishner, upon whom
Offended Iustice lately past her doome,
Stands trembling by, and hopelesse to preuaile,
Baules not for mercy; but to the loath'd *Iaile*
Dragges his sad yrons, and from thence commends
A hasty suite to his selected friends,
That by the vertue of a quicke *Reprive*,
The wretch might haue some few daies more to
Euen so *Demagoras*, whose rewounded heart (liue.
Had newly felt the unexpected smart
And secret burthen of a desp'rate doome,
Replies not, takes no leaue, but quits the roome;
And, in his discontented mind, reuolues
Ten thousand thoughts; and, at the last, resolves
What course to runne, relying on no other,
But the assistance of *Parthenias* mother.
Forthwith his fierce misguided passion droue
His wandring steps to the next neighboring groue;
A keene Steele to in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did stand
A milke white froth; his eyes like flames; sometimes
He curses heauen; himselfe; and then, the times;
Railes at the proud *Parthenia*; raues; despaires;
And from his head rends off his tangled hayres;
Curses the wombe that bare him; bans the *Fates*;
And drunke, with spleene, he thus deliberates.

*Why dyest thou not, Demagoras, when as death
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of discontent and passion send reliefe
To thy distraction, or assuage thy griefe?
Why mou'st thou not the Gods? Or, rather, why
Do'st not contemne, and scorne their power, and dye?*

But stay! Of whom dost thou complaine? A woman.
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complaine? A woman.
 And shall a womans frownes haue power to grieue thee?
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieue thee?
 Fye, fie Demagoras, shall a womans eye
 Preuaile, to make the stout Demagoras dye,
 And leaue to after-times an entred name
 It b' Callender of fooles? Rouse up for shame
 Thy wasted spirits: whet thy spleene and line
 To be reueng'd: She, she that would not giue
 Admittance to thy proferd loue, must drinke
 The potion of thy hate: stirre then the sinke
 Of all thy passion; where thou canst not gaine
 By fairer language, Tarquin-like constrain. *Arg.*
 But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and aduise;
 Art gines aduantage oft, where force denyes;
 Suspend thy fury: Make Partheniaes mother
 Thy meanes: One Adamant will cut another:
 Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory;
 Affect her tender heart with the sad story
 Of thy deare loue; Extoll Partheniaes beauty;
 But most of all, urge that deserued duty
 Thou ow'st her vertue, and make that the ground
 Of thy first loue, that gaue thy heart the wound:
 Atingle thy words with sighes; and it is meet,
 If thou canst force a teare, to let her see't
 Against thy will: Let thy false tongue forbear
 No vows, and though thou beest forsworne, yet sweare:
 If ere thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
 For want of words; Parthenia is the cause,
 Who hath benumm'd thy heart; If e're they goe
 Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so:
 Witball, be sure, when ere thou shalt aduance

The daughters vertues, let the glory glance
Vpon the prudent mother; Women care not
To heare too much of vertue if they share not:
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting eare
To soft attention; closely, in the reare
Of thy discourse, preferre thy sad petition,
That she would please to fauour the condition
Of a distressed louer, and afford
In thy behalfe, a mothers timely word;
So shalt thou wreck thy vengeance by a wilde,
And make the mother bawd to her owne childe.

He paused not; but like a rash projector
(Whose frantick passion was supreme director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second
Which might bin bettered by aduise, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th'execution of his hopefull plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he diuided
Towards the Summer Pallace, where resided
The faire Partheniaes mother, boldly enters,
And after mutuall complement, aduenters
To breake the yce of his dissembled griefe;
Thus he complaines, and thus he begs reliefe;

Madam,

The hopefull thriving of my suit depends
Vpon your goodnesse, and it recommends
It selfe unto your fauour from whose hand
It must haue sentence, or to fall, or stand;
Thrice three times hath the Soueraigne of the night,
Repair'd her empty hornes with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty blasted eyes
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest wombe, whose unasswaged smart

Hath pierc'd my soule, and wounded my poore heart;
It is the faire Parthenia, whose diuine
And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
To their owne ruine; Like a wanton fly,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I haue burn'd my wings: O, if to loue
Be held a sinne, the guilty gods above
(Being fellow-sinners with us, and commit
The selfe same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it:
O thrice diuine Parthenia, that hast got
A sacred priuiledge which the gods haue not,
If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaue
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven:
And welcome death, that with one happy blow
Gives me more ease, then life could euer doe.
O Madam, to whom should my sad words appeale
But you? Alas, to whom should I reueale
My dying thoughts, but unto you, that gane
Being to her, that hath the power to saue
My wasted life? The language of a mother
Moues more then teares, that trickle from another.
With that a well dissembled drop did slide
From his false eyes. The Lady thus replyde.
My Honorable Lord,
If my untimely answere hath preuented
Some further words your passion would haue vented,
Pardon my haste, which, in a ruder fashion,
Sought onely to diuide you from your passion:
The loue you beare Parthenia must claime
The priuiledge of mine care, and in her name,
(Though from an absent mind, as yet unknowne)
Returne I thanks, with intrest of my owne.
The little iudgement, that the gods haue lent

Her downy yeares (though in a small extent)
Does challenge the whole freedome of her choyce,
In the resignement of a Mothers voice:
The sprightly fancies of a virgins mind
Enter themselves, and hate to be confinde;
The hidden Embers of a louers fire
Desire no bellows, but their owne desire,
And like to Dedalus his forge, if blowne
Burnes dimme and dyes; blazes, if let alone;
Louers affect, without aduisement, that
Which being most perswaded to they hate.
My Lord, Adiourne your passion, and refer
The fortune of your suite to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace is a louers minde,
The Saile his fancy is; a storme of winde,
His uncontrouled passion; the Steare's
His reason; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and feares;
Your storme being great, like a wise Pilot, beare
But little Saile, and stoutly ply the steare:
Leaue then the violence of your thoughts to me,
My Lord, too hasty Gamesters ouersee.
Goe, moue Parthenia, and let Iuno's blessing
Attend your hopesfull suite, in the suppressing
Loues common euils; and if her warme desire
Show but a sparke, leaue me to blow the fire.
Goe, lose no time: Louers must be laborious;
My Lord, goe prosperous, and retorne victorious.

With that, Demagoras (prostrate on the ground),
As if his eares had heard that blessed sound,
Wherewith the Delphian oracle acquites
The accepted sacrifice) performes the rites
Of quick deuotion, to that heauenly voice,
Which fed his soule with the malignant joyes.

Of vow'd reuenge; up from the floore he starts,
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the heaven-surrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting
Into the lower *Hemisphere*, to coole (heads

Their flaming nostrills in the Westerne poole,

When as the dainty and mollitious ayre

Had bid the Lady of the *Pallace*, share

In her refined pleasures, and invited

Her gentle steps, fully to be delighted

In those sweet walkes, where *Flora's* liberall hand

Had giuen more freely, then to all the Land,

There walked she; and in her various minde,

Projects and casts about which way to finde

The progresse of the young *Partheniaes* heart;

Likes this way: then a second thought does thwart

The first; Likes that way; then a third, the second:

One while she likes the match, & then she reckon'd

Demagoras vertues now her feare entices

Her thoughts to alter; then she counts his vices:

Sometimes she cals his vowes and oathes to minde.

Another while, thinkes oathes & words but winde.

She likes, dislikes, Her doubtfull thoughts doe vary,

Resolues, and then resolves the quite contrary:

One while she feares, that his malignant aspect

Will giue the Virgin cause to disaffect:

And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts

His wealth, the golden couer of all faults:

And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests

Her feares; creates a world of wealth, and rests.

With that, she straight unfixt her fastned eyes

From off the ground; and, looking up, espies

The faire *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,

Spending

Spending the treasure of an evening howre:
There sate she, reading the sweet-sad discourses
Of *Charicleas* loue: the entercourfes
Of whose mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feele the selfe same ioy, the selfe same smart:
She read, she wept; and, as she wept she smil'd,
As if her equall eyes had reconcilde
Th' extremes of ioy and grieve: she closde the booke,
Then op'ned it, and with a milder looke,
She pities louers; musing then a while,
She teaches smiles to weepe; and teares, to smile:
At length, her broken thoughts she thus discouers:
Vnconstant state of poore distressed louers!
Is all extreame in loue? No meane at all?
No draughts indifferent? either hony or gall?
Hath Cupids Vniuerse no temp'rate Zone,
Either a torrid or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poore louers. As she spake
Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake
A gentle sigh; and after that, another:
With that, steps in her unexpected mother:
Haue ye beheld, when *Titans* lustfull head
Hath newly diu'd into the seagreene bed
Of *Thetis*, how the bashfull *Horizone*
(Enforc'd to see what should be seene by none)
Lookes red for shame; and blushes to discouer
Th' incestuous pleasures of the heauen-borne louers?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did discry
Her secret passion: The mothers smile
Brought forth the daughters blush; and leuell coyle
They smil'd and blusht; one smile begate another;
The daughter blusht, because the ialous mother
Smil'd

Smil'd on her; and the silent mother smilde,
 To see the conscious blushing of her childe:
 At length, growne great with words, she did awake
 Her forced silence, and she thus bespake;
 Blush not, my fairest daughter; 'Tis no shame
 To pity louers, or lament that flame,
 Which worth and beauty kindles in the brest:
 'Tis charity to succour the distrest.
 The disposition of a generous heart
 Makes euery grieve her owne; at least, beares part.
 What marble, ah what adamantine eare
 Ere heard the flames of Troy, without a teare?
 Much more the scorching of a louers fire,
 (Whose desp'rate fiewell is his owne desire)
 May boldly challenge euery gentle heart
 To be ioyntenant in his secret smart:
 Why dost thou blust? why didst those pearly teares
 Slide downe? Feare not: this Arbour hath no eares;
 Here's none but we; speake then: It is no shame
 To shed a teare; thy mother did the same:
 Say; hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
 Sent ere a message to thy wounded heart?
 Speake, in the name of Hymen I coniure thee;
 If so, I haue a Baulsome shall recure thee:
 If feare, I feare, the young Laconian Lord
 Hath lately left some indigested word
 In thy cold stomacke; which, for want of Art,
 I doubt, I doubt, lies heauy at thy heart:
 If that be all, reuealing brings reliefe;
 Silence in loue but multiplies a grieve:
 Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd:
 Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd:
 Perchance thou lovest Demagoras, and wouldst smother

Thy

Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
And reape the dainty fruits of loue, unseene;
I did the like, or thou hadst neuer beene;
Stolne goods are sweetest: If it be thy minde
To loue in secret, I will be as blind
As he that wounded thee, or if thou dare
Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The sweet fruition of thy choice desire:
Thou lou'st Demagoras; If thy lips deny,
Thy conscious heart must giue thy lips the lye:
And if thy liking countermand thy will,
Thy punishment shall be, to loue him still:
Then loue him still, and let his hopes inherit
The crowne, belonging to so faire a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appeares
To speake, at least, an age aboue his yeares;
The blood of his increasing honour springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings:
The gods haue blest him with a liberall hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
Can he command, that he possessees not?
All which, and more, (if mothers can diuine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine:
He is thy Captiue, and thy conquering eyes
Haue tooke him prisner: he submits, and lies
At thy deare mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy selfe, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proferd twise,
Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
To be too coy: Occasion's bald behind.

'Tis not the common worke of euery day,
 'T afford such offers; Take them while you may,
 Times alter: youth and beauty are but blasts;
 Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts:
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
 Of a stale maide, but offer to incroach
 Vpon opinion, th' art in estimation,
 Like garments, kept till they be out of fashion:
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand
 Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at second-hand:
 Resolue thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin life
 With th' honorable freedome of a wife;
 And let the fruits of that blest marriage be:
 A living pledge betwixt my Child and me.

So said; The faire Parthenia (in whose heart
 Her owne affection yet had got the start
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
 Striues with her thoughts; objects the binding
 Of filiall duty to her best affection, (lawes
 Sometimes, submits unto her owne election,
 Sometimes, unto her mothers: thus diuided
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
 By one desire, and sometimes by another
 She thus replied to her attentiu mother:

Madam,
 Thinke not Parthenia, vnder a pretence
 Of silence, studies disobedience:
 Or by the crafty slownesse of reply,
 Borrowes a quick aduantage to deny:
 It lies not in your power, to command
 Beyond my will: unto your tender hand,
 I here surrender up that little All
 You gaue me, freely to dispose withall:

The

*The gods forbid, Parthenia should resist
What you command, command you what you list:
But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
Hath made assault, but neuer yet could board
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my misconsterd streames did ne're proceed
From Cupids spring: This blubber'd book makes knowne,
Whose griefes I wept; I wept not for mine owne;
My lowly thoughts durst neuer yet aspire
The least degree, towards the proud desire
Of so great honour, to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queenes haue bin at strife;
He su'd for loue, and strongly did importune
My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune;
My brest was marble, and my heart forgot
All pittie; far, indeed, I lou'd him not:
But madam; you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
You haue commanded, and your will shall be
The squire of my vneauen desires, and me;
I'll practise duty, and my deeds shall show it;
I'll practise loue, though Cupid neuer know it.*

When great *Basilins* (he whose princely hand
Nourisht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused *Queene*, was great resort
Of forraine States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeleeu'd report had told
Of faire *Gynecias* worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addrest,
With solemne Iousts to glorifie the feast
Of marriage royall, lately past betweene

Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble *Queene*,
 The faire *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest
 Nature, and curious Art had done their best,
 To summe that rare perfection, which (in brieft)
 Transcends the power of a strong beliefe;
 Her Syer was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
 Receiu'd more honour from her honour'd name,
 Then, if he had, with his victorious hand,
 Vnsceptred halfe the Princes in the land:
 To tell the glory of this royall Feast;
 The *Bridegroomes* state, & how the *Bride* was drest;
 The princely seruice, and the rare delights;
 The seuerall names and worth, of Lords & Knights;
 Their quaint *Impresa's*, their deuisefull shewes;
 Their martiall sports, their oft redoubled blowes;
 The courage of this Lord, or that proud horse;
 Who ran; who got the better, who, the worse;
 Is not my taske; nor lies it in my way,
 To make relation of it: *Heraulds* may:
 Yet Fame and honour haue selected one,
 From that illustrious crew; and him alone
 Haue recommended to my carefull quill,
 Forbidding that his honour should lye still
 Among the rest, whom fortune and his spirit,
 That day, had crowned with a victors merit,
 His name was *Argalus*, In *Cyprus* borne:
 And (if what is not ours, may adorne
 Our proper fortunes) his blood royall springs
 From th' ancient stocke of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
 His outside had enough to satisfie
 The expectation of a curious eye:
 Nature was too too prodigall of her beauty,
 To make him halfe so faire, whom Fame, and duty,
 He.

He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
T' approue the exc'ellence of his manly worth:
His minde was richly furnisht with the treasure
Of *morall* knowledge, in so liberall measure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and so strong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and master of his passion,
Serious in buisnesse, choyce in recreation:
Not too mistrustfull, and yet wisely wary;
Hard to resolute, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surueyour of the heauen
Diuided out the dayes and nights by euen
And equall houres, since this child of fame
(Inuited by the glory of her name,)
First view'd *Partheniaes* face, whose mutuall eye
Shot equall flames, and with the secret tie
Of undisclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yeelding harts, their loues unknowne to either:
Both dearly lou'd: the more they stroue to hide
Their loue, affection they the more discride.
*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one vertue findes another.*
One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lou'd, unknowne, beloued, unknowne:
One was the *Dart*, that at the selfe sametime
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd:
Yet, where they both could help, was none relieu'd:
Two lou'd, and two beloued were, yet none

But two in all, and yet that *all* but one.
 By this time had their barren lippes betraid
 The timerous silence; now they had displaid
 Loues sanguine colours, whilst the winged *Child*
 Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
 To see the combat of two wounded friends:
 He strikes and wounds himselfe, while she defends
 That would be wounded, for her paine proceeds,
 And flowes from his, & from his wound, she bleeds;
 She playes at him, and ayming at his brest,
 Pierc'd her owne heart: and when his hand addrest
 The blow to her faire bosome, there it found
 His own deare heart, & gaue that heart the wound:
 At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yeeld,
 Both lost the day, and yet both wan the field:
 And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
 Their lips gaue earnest of a joyfull peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend
 A louers progresse, to his iournies end!
 How many desperate rubs, and dangers wait
 Each minute, on his miserable state!
 His hopes do build, what straight his feares destroy,
 Sometimes, he surfeits with excesse of ioy:
 Sometimes, despairing ere to find reliefe
 He roares beneath the tyranny of grieve;
 And when loues current runnes with greatest force,
 Some obuious mischiefe still disturbes the course:
 For loe, no sooner the discouerd flame
 Of these new parted louers did proclaime
 Loues sacred Iubile; but the Virgins Mother
 (The posture of whose visage did discouer
 Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
 Enters the roome: Halfe angry, halfe in jest,*

Shce

She thus began: *My dearest childe, this night,*
When as the silent darkenesse did inuite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possesse
My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my rest,
I slept not, till the carely bugle horne
Of Chanticleere had summon'd in the Morne
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new-borne Day;
At last, when Morpheus, with his leaden key
Had lockt my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heauen-guided fancy, for an houre
I slumbred; and before my slumbring eyes,
One, and the selfe same dreame presented thrice;
I wak'd; and, being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the Gods had made an apparition:
My dreame was this: Me thought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes besitting
The state of Maiesty; thy Nymph-like haire
Loosely dishevel'd; and thy browes did beare
A Cypresse wreath; and (thrice three months expir'd)
Thy pregnant wombe grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's aid: with that, me thought I saw
A teame of harness'd Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the flitting sky,
Wherein there sate the glorious Maiesty
Of great Saturnia, on whose traine attended
An host of Goddesses; Iuno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painefull wombe: Thy paines a while encrease,
At length she laid her gentle palmes upon
Thy fruitfull flanke, and there was borne a son:
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And, after, blest thee with a mothers ioy:
She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold

For on his head she set a crowne of Gold ;
 Forthwith, as if the heauens had clouen in sunder,
 Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder ;
 The hayle storm'd downe, and yet the skie was cleare
 Some hailestones that descended did appeare
 As orient pearle, some like refined gold ;
 Whereat, the goddesse turn'd, and said ; Behold,
 Great Ioue hath sent a gift : goe forth, and tak't ;
 Thus haning spoke, she vanisht, and I wak't :
 I wak't ; and waking, trembled ; for I knew
 They were no idle passages, that grew
 From my distempered thoughts ; twas not a vaine
 Delusion rousing from a troubled braine ;
 It was a vision ; and the gods forespoke
 Parthenia's fortune : Gods cannot mistake.
 I lik'd the dreame ; wherein the heauens foretold
 Thy ioyfull mariage ; and the shower of gold
 Betokened wealth, The Infants golden Crowne,
 Ensuing honour : Iunos coming downe,
 A safe deliuerance, and the smiling Boy
 Summ'd up the totall of a mothers ioy :
 But what the wreath of Cypresse (that was set
 Vpon the nuptiall browes) presag'd, as yet
 The gods keepe from me : If that secret doe
 Portend an euill, heauen keepe it from thee too.
 Advise Parthenia : Seeke not to withstand
 The plot, wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand ;
 Submit thy will to theirs ; what they enioyne,
 Must be ; nor lies it in my power, or thine
 To contradict : Endeauour to fulfill
 What, else, must come to passe against thy will,
 Now by the filiall duty thou dost beare
 The gods and me, or if ought else more deare

Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
At the gods hands, in greatest time of need;
By heauen, by hell, by all the powers aboue,
I here coniure Parthenia to remoue
All fond conceits, that labour to disioyne
What heauen hath knit, Demagoras's heart and thine;
The gods are faithfull, and their wisdomes know
What's better for us mortals, then we doe;
Doubt not (my child) the Gods cannot deceiue;
What heauen does offer, feare not to receiue
With thankfull hands: Passe not so slightly ouer
The deare affection of so true a lover;
Pitty his flames; relieue his tortur'd brest,
That finds abroad, no ioy, at home no rest;
But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds:
That flies, with Cupids Iauelin in his wounds:
Stir up thy rak't up embers of desire,
The gods will bring in fewell, and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordiall smiles reuiue
His wasted spirits, that onely cares to liue
To doe thee honour: It was Cupids will,
The dart he sent, should onely wound; not kill;
Yeeld then: and let th'engaged gods powre downe
Their promis'd blessings on thy head: and crowne
Thy youth with ioyes: and maist thou after be
As blest in thine; as I am blest in thee.

So said: the faire Parthenia, to whose heart
Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art
Of disobedience, calls her judgement in;
And, of two euills, determines it a fin
More veniall, by a resolute deniall,
To proue undutifull, then be disloyall
To him, whose heart a sacred vow had tyed

So fast to hers ; and (weeping) thus replied :

Madam,

*The angry gods have late conspir'd to show
The utmost their enraged hands could doe,
And having laid aside all mercy, stretch
Their power, to make one miserable wretch,
Whose curst and tortur'd soule must onely be
The subject of their wrath; and I am she.
Hard is the case ! my deare desires must faile ;
My vov'es must cracke ; my plighted faith be fraile ;
Or else affection must be so exil'd
A mothers heart, that she renounce her child.*

*And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
Of teares gusht out, whose violence deny'd
Th'intended passage of her doubling tongue :
She stopt a while : Then on the floore she flung
Her prostrate body, while her hands did teare
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty haire ;
Sometimes, she struck the ground : sometimes, her
Began some words & then wept out the rest ; (breast :
At last, her liuclesse hands did, by degrees,
Raife her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on,*

*Vpon these knees ; these knees that ne're were bent
To you in vaine : that neuer did present
Their unrewarded duty : neuer rose
Without a mothers blessing, upon those,
Vpon those naked knees, I recommend
To your deare thoughts, those torments that attend
Your poore Parthenia, whose unknowne distresse
Craves rather death, then language to expresse.
What shall I doe ? Demagoras and Death.*

Sound

Sound both alike to these sad eares ; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other :
No, no, I cannot loue him, my deare mother,
Command Parthenia now to undergoe
What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
The scale of my obedience in my heart :
The gods themselues, that haue a secret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The lawes of nature, or the course of Fate.
Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend ?
Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
To th' earth ? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
Earth were no longer earth, nor fyre, fire.
Euen so, by nature, 'tis all one to me,
To loue Demagoras, and not to be :
No, no, the heauens can doe no act that's greater,
Then (having made so) to preserve their creature :
And thinke you that the righteous gods will fill me
With such false ioyes, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me ?
I know that they are mercifull : what they
Command, they giue a power to obey.
The ioyfull vision that your slumbring eyes
Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
A fayrer fortune, then the heauens can share
To poore Partheniaes merit; whom despaire
Hath swallow'd : Your prophetick dreame discride
A royall marriage ; pointed out the Bride ;
Her safe Deliuernance : and her smiling sonne ;
Honour and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: him, the heauens haue
Within my brest ; by me, to be reueal'd ; (scald
Which, if your patience shall vouchsafe to heare,
My lips shall recommend unto your eare.

When as Basilius (may whose royall hand
 Long sway the scepter of th' Arcadian land)
 From Cyprus brought his more then princely Bride,
 The sayre Gynecia, (whom as Greece deny'd
 An equall; so the world acknowledg'd none
 As her superiour in perfection:)
 Upon this Ladies royall traine, and state,
 A great concourse of Nobles did awaite,
 And Cyprian Princes, with their princely port,
 To see her crown'd in th' Arcadian Court;
 Illustrious Princes were they: but as farre
 As midnight Phebe outshines a twinckling Starre,
 So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
 Surpast the rest, in honour and renowne:
 Whose perfect vertue findes more admiration
 In the Arcadian Court, then imitation:
 In th' ex'cellence of his outward parts, and feature,
 The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
 Outwent it selfe: which being richly fraught
 And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought
 To be the chosen fortresse for protection
 Of all the Arts, and storehouse of perfection:
 The Cyprus stock did ne're, till now, bring forth
 So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth
 Brings greater glory to th' Arcadian Land,
 Then can the dull Arcadians understand:
 His name is Argalus:
 He (Madam) was that Cypresse wreath, that crown'd
 My nuptiall brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
 Cloath'd in the mystery of that Cypresse wreath;
 Which, since the better gods haue pleas'd to breathe
 Into my soule, O may I cease to be,
 If ought but death part Argalus and me:

Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
 What you desire, or what the gods command:
 For what the gods command, is your desire
 Parthenia should obey; and not respire
 Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
 The plot, wherein they haue vouchsaf'd a hand:
 We must submit our wils; what they enioyne,
 Must be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
 To crosse: we must endeavour to fulfill
 What else must come to passe against our will;
 My vows are past, and second heauens decree,
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said; th'impatient mothers kindled eye
 (Halfe closed with a murtherous frowne) let flie
 A scorching fyerball, from whence was shed
 Some drops of choller; sternly shakes her head;
 With trembling hands vnlocks the doore, & flees,
 Leauing Parthenia on her aking knees,
 And as she fled, her fury thus began
 To open, *And is Argalus the man?*
 But there she stops; and striving to expresse
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing lesse.

*All you, whose deare affections haue beene tost
 In Cupids blanket, and unustly crost
 By wilfull Parents, whose extreame command
 Haue made you groane beneath their tyrannous hand,
 That take a furious pleasure to diuorse
 Your soules from your best thoughts, nay (what is worse
 Then torture) force your fancies to respect,
 And dearely lone, whom most you dis-affect;
 Draw neare, and comfort the distressed heart
 Of poore Parthenia; let your eyes impart
 One droppe at least: And whosoe're thou be*

*That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
The like successe, if reading, thou forbear
To wet this very paper with a teare.*

Behold (poore Lady) how an houres time
Hath pluck't her faded roses from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joyes, lies groueling on the ground;
Her weary hand sustaines her drooping head;

(Too soft a pillow for so hard a bed)

Her eyes swolne up, as loath to see the light,
That would discouer so forlorne a sight:

The flaxen wealth of her neglected haire
Stick't fast to her pale cheekes with dried teares;

And at first blush, she seemes, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre:

Sometimes her brinie lips would whisper thus,
My Argalus, my dearest Argalus:

And then they clos'd againe, as if the one
Had kist the other, for that seruice done,
In naming *Argalus*: sometimes oppress'd

With a deepe sigh, she gaue her panting brest

A sudden stroke; and after that, another,

Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard hearted mother!*

And sicke with her own thoughts, her passion stroue
Betwixt the two extreames of griefe, and loue:

The more she grieu'd, the more her loue abounded;

The more she lou'd, the more her hart was wounded

With desperate griefe: at length, the tyrannous force
Of loue and griefe, sent forth this selfe discourse;

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia?) how hath passion
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?*

Exit

Exil'd thy little indgement, and betrai'd thee
To thine owne selfe? How nothing hath it made thee?
How is thy weather-beaten soule oppress'd
With stormes and tempests blowne from the Northeast
Of cold despaire? which, long ere this, had found
Eternall rest; had bin orewhelm'd and drown'd
In the deepe gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pump't this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; O where, O where art thou?
Thou little think'st thy poore Parthenia, now,
Is tortur'd for thy sake; alas, (deare heart!)
Thou know'st not the unsufferable smart
I undergoe for thee: thou dost not keepe
A Register of those sad teares I weepe,
No, no, thou dost not:
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, doe not spare
To doe the worst thy active Mischiefe dare;
Deuise new torments, or repeat the old,
Vntill thou burst, or I complaine: Be bold,
As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;
Who's leueld with the earth, can fall no lower;
Doe; spit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall;
Thy practis'd malice can no charme deuise
Too sure, for Argalus to exorcise;
His loue shall sweeten death, and make a torture
My sportfull pastime, to take howers shorter,
His loue shall fill my heart, and leaue no roome,
Wherein your rage may practise martyrdoome.

But ere that word could vsheer out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect,
Beholds Parthenia; with a new respect

Salutes

Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the doore)
Her helpfull arme remoues her from the floore
Whereon she lay; and, being set together,
In gentle tearmes, she thus did commune with her;

*Peruerse Parthenia, Is thy heart so sworne
To Argalus his loue, that it must scorne
Demagoras: Are your soules conioyn'd so close,
That my entreaty may not enterpose?
If so, what helpe? yet let a mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The sickle that's too early, cannot reape
A fruitfull Haruest: Looke, before you leape:
Adiourne your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
You cannot measure vertue in a day;
Vertues appeare, but vices baulke the light;
Tis hard to read a vice at the first sight.
False are those ioyes, that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire easely kindled, will not easely out:
Diuide that loue, which thou bestow'st on one,
Twixt two; try both, then take the best, or none:
Consult with time: for time bewrayes, discouers
The faith, the loue, the constancy of louers.
Acts done in hast, by leasure are repented
And things, soone past, are oft, too late lamented.
What that, Parthenia, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: Madam, each senerall day
Since first you gaue this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whose boundles goodnesse if it should compare
With my deserts, alas, the world would show
Too great a summe, for one poore heart to owe:
I must confesse my heart is not so sworne*

To Argalus his merit, as to scorne
Demagoras ; nor yet so loosely tyed,
That I can slip the knot, and so diuide
Entire affection, which must not be seuer'd,
Nor euer can be (but in vaine) endeuour'd,
My heart is one, and by one pow'r guided ;
One is no number ; cannot be diuided :
And Cupids learned schoolemen haue resolu'd,
That loue diuided is but lone dissolu'd ;
But yet, what plighted faith and honour may
Not now undoe, your counsell shall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy,
To reape her corne, before her corne be ready :
Her unaduis'd sickle shall not thrust
Into her hopefull Haruest, ere needs must :
To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,
Whose season shall be season'd by your will :
Her time of haruest shall admit no measure
But onely what's proportion'd by your pleasure.
So ended she ; But till that darkenesse got
The mastery of the light, they parted not :
The mother pleads for the Laconian Lord ;
The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her mother spok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be reuokt :
Yet still the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untryed, that a hard hearted wit
Knowes to deuise ; perswades, allures, entreats,
Mingles her words wth smiles, with tears, wth threats
Commands, coniures ; tries one way, tries another,
Does th'utmost that a marble breasted mother
Can doe ; and yet the more she did apply,
The more she taught Parthenia to deny ;

The more she did assault, the more contend;
 The more she taught the virgin to defend:
 At last, despairing (for her word did finde
 More hopes to moue a mountaine, then her minde)
 She spake no more; but from her chaire she started,
 And spit these words, *Goe peenish Girle*, and parted:
 Away she flings, and finding no successe
 In her lost words, her fury did addresse
 Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot;
 Actions must now enforce, what words could not.
 Treason is in her thoughts; Her furious breath
 Can whisper now no language, under death;
 Poore *Argalus* must dye, and his remoue
 Must make the passage to *Demagoras* loue:
 And till that barre be broken, or put by,
 No hope to speed; Poore *Argalus* must dye.
Demagoras is call'd to counsell now,
 Consults, consents; and, after mutuall vow,
 Resolving on the act, they both conspire
 Which way to execute their close desire:
 Drawing his keene *Steeletto* from his side,
Madam (said he) *This medicine well applide*
To Argalus his bosome will giue rest
To him, and me; The sudden way is best.
My Lord; your trembling hand (said she) *may misse*
The marke, and then your selfe in danger is
Of outcry; or perchance his owne resistance;
Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance:
A drugg's the better weapon, which does breathe
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetnesse: Come, a drugge strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleepe secure;
My Lord, bethinke no other; Set your rest

*Vpon these Cards; The safest way is best :
 Leau me to manage our successfull plot,
 And if these studious browes contriue it not
 Too sure; for art of Magicke to preuent,
 Ne're trust a womans wit, when fully bent
 To take reuenge : Be gone, my Lord; Repose
 The trust in me : Onely be wise, be close.*

That night, when as the vniuersall shade
 Of the unspangled heauen, and earth had made
 An utter darknesse; (darknesse, apt to further
 The horrid enterprize of rapes, and murther)
 She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
 A full reuenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
 (*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:

*Athleia, dare thy primate thoughts partake
 With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
 A locke, that none can pick by theevish art,
 Or breake by force? Tell me, canst thou digest
 A secret, trusted to thy faithfull brest?*

*Madam, (said she) Let me be neuer true
 To my owne thoughts, if euer false to you :
 Speake what you please; Athleia shall conceale,
 Torments may make me roare, but ne're reueale.*

Replyde the Lady then : *Athleia* knows
 How much, how much my deare affection owes
Partheniaes heart, whose welfare is the crowne
 Of all my ioyes, which now is ouertrowne
 And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
 If thou betray the secret of my trust :
 It lyeth in thy power to remoue
 Approaching euills : *Parthenia* is in loue :
 Her wasted spiritt languish in her brest,
 And nought, but look'd for death can giue her rest ;

'Tis Argalus she lones ; who, with disdain,
 Requites her loue, not louing her againe ;
 He slightes her teares : The more that he neglects,
 The more entirely she (poore soule) affects,
 She groanes beneath the burden of despaire,
 And with her sighes she cloyes the idle ayre :
 Thou art acquainted with her priuate teares ;
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and eares :
 Must know too much, for one poore heart t'endure,
 But desperate's the wound admits no Cure :
 It lies in thee to helpe : Athleia, say,
 Wilt thou assist me, If I finde the way ?

Madam, my forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest of my secrecy :
 Your lips haue utter'd nothing that is new
 To' Athleias eares : Alas, it is too true :
 Long, long ere this, your seruant had reueal'd
 The same to you, had not these lips beene seal'd :
 But if my best endeauours may extend
 To bring my Ladies sorrowes to an end,
 Let all th'enraged Dieties allot
 To me, worse torment, if I doe it not :
 My life's too poore to hazard for her ease ;
 Madam, Ile doo't ; Command me what you please :
 So said ; The treacherous Lady stept aside,
 Into her serious closet ; and applide
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
 This forged letter, in Partheniaes name.

To her faithfull Argalus.

Although the malice of a mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is, should flame ;
 yet Parthenia is the same,

Al

*Although my fire be hid a while,
Tis but fire slak'd with oyle:
Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
It shall burne, and blaze withall.*

*What I send thee, drinke with speed,
Else let my Argalus take heed;
Vnlesse thy prouidence withstand,
There is treason ne're at hand;
Drinke as thou lou'st me, and it shall secure thee
From future dangers; or from past, recure thee.*

Thy constant Parthenia.

*This done, and seal'd, she op'd her priuate doore,
Call'd in Athleia, and said; For euery sore
The gods provide a salue; Force must prinaile
Where sighes and teares, and deepe entreaties faile.
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she tooke
A little glasse, and said, Athleia, looke
Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Partheniaes happinesse, and life consists;
It is Nepenthè; which the factious Gods
Doe use to drinke, when ere they be at ods,
Whose secret vertue (so infus'd by loue)
Does turne deepe hatred, into dearest loue;
It makes the proudest louer whine and baule,
And such to dote; as neuer lou'd at all;
Here, take this glasse, and recommend the same
To Argalus in his Partheniaes name,
And to his hand, to his owne hand commit
This Letter; Betweene Argalus, and it,
Let no eye come: Be sure thy speed preuent
The rising Sun: and so heauens crowne th'euent.*

By this, the feather'd Bellman of the night

Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
All eyes to slumber; when they both addrest
Their thoughtfull minds, to take a doubtfull rest.

O heavens! and you, O you celestiaall powers,
That neuer slumber, but imploy all howres
In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
Our soules from obuious dangers, waking, sleeping,
O, can your all-descerning eyes behold
Such impious actions prosper uncontroll'd?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To see your seruant (that now sleepest secure,
Vnarm'd, unwarn'd, and hauing no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd, and murder'd, drawing at one breath
His owne prepar'd destruction, his owne death?
And will ye suffer't? He that is the crowne
Of prized vertue, honour and renowne;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian living story;
Arcadias Girland, and great Greeces glory;
The earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
Must dye betraid; Treason and death must trample
Vpon his life; and, in the dust, must lye
As much admir'd perfection, as can dye.
No, Argalus, the coward hand of death
Durst ne're assault thee, if not underneath
The maske of loue: Thou art aboue the reach
Of open wrongs; Mans force could nere make breach
Into thy life: no, Death could ne're uncase
Thy soule, had she appeared face to face.
Dreame, Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled
With murders, treasons, let thy dreames be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy shall perceine,
Be wisely superstitious, and beleene.

O, that my lines could wake thee now, and fewer
Those eyelids, that ere long must sleepe for euer:
Wake, now or neuer Argalus, and withstand
Thy danger: Wake, the martheresse is at hand:
Parthenia, oh Parthenia, who shall weepe
Thy world of teares? Canst thou, O canst thou sleepe?
Will thy dull Genius giue thee leaue to slumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dreame incumber
Thy frighted thoughts? and Argalus so neere
His latest hower? Not one dreaming teare?
Sleepe on: and when thy flattering slumber's past,
Perchance, thine eyes will learne to weepe as fast:
His death is plotted; And this morning light
Must send him downe, into eternall night:
Nay, what is worse then worst; His dying breath
Will censure thee, as Agent in his death.

By this, the broadfac'd Quirister of night
Surceas'd her screeching note, and tooke her flight
To the next neighbring Ivy: Birds and beasts
Forake the warme protections of their nests,
And nightly dens, whilst darkenesse did display
Her sable curtaines, to let in the day,
When sad *Athleia's* dreame had unbenighted
Her slumbring eies: her busie thoughts were frigh-
She rose, & trembled; & being halfe distraught (ted:
With her prophetick feares, she thus bethought:

What ayle the Gods, thus to disturbe my rest,
And make such earthquakes in my troubled brest?
Nothing but death, and murders? Graues and Bells,
Frighting my fancy, with their hourly knells?
Twas nothing but a dreame; and dreames, they say,
Expound themselves the cleane contrary way:
The Riddle's read; and now I understand.

My dreames intents : Some marriage is at hand :
 For death interpreted, is nothing else
 But Mariage ; And the melancholly Bells,
 Ismirth and musicke : By the grane, is read
 The ioyfull, ioyfull, ioyfull mariage bed :
 I, It is plaine : And now, me thinks 'twas I,
 That my prophetick dreame foretold, should dye :
 If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
 And let Athleia dye within this houre :
 Doe, doe thy worst ; Athleia's faithfull breath
 Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death :
 But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
 Begins to gild the East ; away, away.

So hauing said ; The nimble fingered Lasse
 Tooke the forg'd letter, and the amorous glasse,
 And, to her early progresse, she applies her,
 Departs, and towards Argalus she hies her ;
 But euery step she tooke, her mind enforc'd
 New thoughts, and with her selfe she thus discours'd

How fraile's the nature of a womans will !
 How crosse ! The thing that's most forbidden, still
 They more desire ; and least inclinde, to doe
 What they are most of all perswaded too :
 Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
 Athleia ne're had struggled with her bands :
 I must not tast it ! Had she not enioyn'd
 My lips from tasting it, Athleia's mind
 Had neuer thought on't ; now me thinkes I long ;
 Desires, if once confinde, become too strong
 For womans conquer'd reason to resist ;
 A womans reason's measur'd by her list :
 I long to tast : yet was there nothing did
 Mooue my desire but that I was forbid.

With

With that, she stayd her weary steps, and hastied
T'vntye the Glasse; lift up her arme, and tasted;
That done (and hauing now attain'd, almost
Her iourneyes end) the little time she lost,
New speed regaines; The nimble ground she traces
With double hast, and quick-redoubled paces:
All on a sudden, she begins to faint;
Her bowells gripe, her breath begins to taint;
Her blistred tongue growes hot, her liuer glowes;
Her veins doe boile, her colour comes and goes:
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lyes:
Swells like a bladder, roares, and bursts, and dyes.

Thus from her ruine, *Argalus* deriues
His longer life, and by her death, he liues;
Liue *Argalus*, and let the gods allot (not:
Such morning draughts, to those that loue thee
Liue long; and let the righteous powers aboue,
That haue preseru'd thee for *Partheniaes* loue,
Crowne all thy hopes, and fortunes, with euent
Too sure, for second treasons to preuent.

By this time, did the lauish breath of *Fame*
Giue language to her *Trumpet*, and proclame
Athleias death, the current of which newes
Truths warrant had forbidden to abuse
Deceiued eares: which, when the *Lady* heard,
Whose trecherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertaine a murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throwes
Her trembling body on the naked floore,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter: but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the faire *Partheniaes* mother:
May it suffice, that the extreames of shame,

And vnresisted sorrow ouercame
 Her disappointed malice, lesse lamenting
 The treason, then successe; and more repenting
 Of what she fail'd to doe, then what she did,
 Her sudden soule despaires; her thoughts forbid
 What reason wants the power, to perswade;
 An' griefes being grown too deepe for her to wade;
 She sinks, and with a hollow sigh, she cryed.
Welcome thou easer of all euils, and dyed.

Now tongues begin to walke; and every eare
 Hath got the *Statyrasis* to heare
 This tragicke sceane: The breath of *Fame* grows bold
 Feares no repulse, and scornes to be controlld,
 Whilst lowd report, (whose tender Lips, before,
 Durst onely whisper) now begins to roare;
 The letter, found in dead *Athleias* brest,
 Bewray'd the plot; and what (before) was guest,
 Is now confirm'd, and clear'd: for all men knew
 Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But haue we lost Parthenia? In what Isle

Of endlesse sorrow lurks she all this while?

Sweet Reader, vrge me not to tell, for feare

Thy heart dissolue, and melt into a teare:

Excuse my silence: If my lines should speake,

Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would breake;

No, leaue her to her selfe: It is not fit

To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:

I leaue this taske to those, that take delight,

To see poore Ladies tortur'd in despight

Of all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife

To paint a torment to the very life:

I leaue that taske to such, as haue the power

To weepe; and smile againe within an houre:

To

To those, whose flinty hearts are more contented
To limme a grieve, then pittie the tormented:
Let it suffice, that had not heaven protected
Her Argalus: the ioy whereof, corrected
That furious grieve, which passion recommended.
To her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.

When Time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes sorrowes, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grieve, and almost drown'd
In her owne teares; a long expected Sceane
Of better fortune enters in, to dreane
Her marish eyes: her stormy night of teares
Being past, a welcome day of ioy appeares:
The rocke's remou'd, and loues wide Ocean now,
Giues roome enough; looks with a milder brow
Reader, forget thy sorrowes; Let thine care
Welcome the tydings thou so longst to heare:
A louers diet's sweet, commixt with sower;
His hell and heaven oft-times diuides an houre.

Now Argalus can finde a faire access
To his Parthenia: now, feares nothing lesse
Then eares and eyes; and now Partheniaes heart
Can giue her tongue the freedome, to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can looke her fill, and feare no stander-by:
She's not Parthenia, he not present with her;
And he not Argalus, if not together: (chat;
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles, their tongues with
Now, this they make their subiect; and now, that:
One while they laugh; and laughing, wrangle too,
And iarre, as iealous louers use to doe:
And then a kisse, must make them friends againe,

Faith, one's too little ; Lovers must haue twaine,
Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty :
That, to a hundred : then because the plenty
Growes troublesome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gaue kisses without number :
Their thoughts run backe to former times: they told
Of all loues passages, they had of old :
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why ;
The manner how, and who were present by,
The mothers craft; her undeceiu'd suspicion,
Her bated words, her marble disposition;
His pining thoughts, and her proiecting feares;
His soliloquies, and her secret teares,
Where first they met; Th'occasion of their meeting;
Their complement, the manner of their greeting;
His danger ; his deliuerance, and the reason
That first induc't the *Agents* to the treason:
Thus by the priuiledge of time, and leisure;
Their sweet discourses (crown'd wth mutual pleasure
Commixt with grieve) they equal with the light,
And, after grumble at the enuious night,
Which bids them part too soone : what, day denyde
In words, in thoughts, the tedious night supplyde,
Which blam'd the Fates for doing lovers wrong,
To make the day so short, the night so long.

But now the little winged god repented
That he had laught so much; his heart relented ;
His very soule grew sad ; his blinded eye
Began to weepe, at his owne tyranny ;
Laments their sorrowes ; findes a secret way,
To make the night as pleasing as the day ;
Calls *Hymen* in ; and in his care discovers
The lingring torments of these wounded lovers :

Gives

Giues him a charge, no longer to deterre,
 T'engrosse their names within his *Register*.
 And now *Partheniaes* haruest draweth neare;
 (The dearly purchas'd price of many a teare)
 Her ioy shal reape, what a world of griefe hath sown
 The time's appointed, and the day's set downe,
 Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptiall bands,
 Shall ioyne together their espoused hands.

Here stop my *Muse*: retire thy selfe and stay,
 To gather breath against the *marriage day*.

Readers, the ioyfull Bride salutes yee all:
In her behalfe, if any haue let fall
A tender teare, to those, she makes request,
That they'd be pleas'd to grace her marriage feast.

ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The Second Booke.

SAyle gentle *Pinace*: Now the heauens are cleare
 The winds blow faire: Behold the harbour's neere.
 Trydented *Neptune* hath forgot to frowne,
 The rocks are past: The storme is ouerblowne,
 Vp wetherbeaten voyagers and rouze yee,
 Forsake your loathed *Cabbins*: up and louze ye
 Vpon the open decks, and smell the land:
 Cheare up: the welcome shoare is nigh at hand:

Sayle gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale,
 To th' Isle of *peace*: Saile gentle *Pinace*, saile;
 Fortune conduct thee; Let thy keele diuide
 The siluer streames, that thou maist safely slide
 Into the bosome of thy quiet *Key*,
 And quite thee fairely of th' iniurious *Sea*. (power
Great Seaborne Queene, thy birthright giues thee
T' assist poore suppliants; grant one happy houre;
O, let these wounded louers be possesse,
At length, of their so long desired rest.

Now, now the joyfull marriage day drawes on;
 The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
 To call his fellow-Princes to the feast;
 The *Girland's* made; the bridall chamber's drest;
 The *Muses* haue consulted with the *Graces*,
 To crowne the day; and honour their embraces
 With shadow'd *Epithalmes*: their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs;
Hymen begin to grumble at delay,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to thinke upon the day;
 The virgin rapors, and what other rights
 Doe appertaine to *Nuptiall* delights,
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The ioyfull triumph of this marriage feast.

But stay! who lends me now an yron pen,
 T' engraue within the marble hearts of men
 A tragick sceane; which, whosoe'er shall reade,
 His eyes may spare to weepe, and learne to bleed
 Carnation teares: If time shall not allow
 His death preuented eyes to weepe enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left, to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all Muses, come, afford

Thy

*Thy studious helpe, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at least;) that euery line
May pickle up a kingdome in the brine
Of her owne teares: O teach me to extract
The spirit of grieve, whose vertue may distract
Those brests, which sorrow knowes not how to kill,
Inspire, O inspire my melting Quill,
And, like sad Niobé, let euery one
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
So to the life, that whosoe're be nigh
May heare it breathe, and learne to doe the like
By imitation, till true passion strike
Their bleeding hearts: Let such as shall rehearse
This story, houle like Irish at a Herse.*

Th'euent still crownes the act: Let no man say,
Before the euening's come; Tis a faire day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridall feast
Were entred in, and euery longing brest
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining nouelties)
Were growne impatient now, to be suffis'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honour* had deuise'd
T'adorne the times withall, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To blesse her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seeme as dayes, and euery day
A measur'd age; into her secret bower
Betooke her weary steps, where euery houre
Her greedy eares expect to heare the summe
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.

She

She hopes, she feares at once; and still she muses
 What makes him stay so long, she chides, excuses;
 She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
 And talkes, as if her *Argalus* were by;
Why com'st thou not? Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia? what, not yet?
 But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
 Which seem'd as if it were the whispering voice
 Of close conspiracy: she began to feare
 She knew not what, till her deceiued care,
 (Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
 The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout,
 Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
 By stealth, to sieze upon her unaware:
 She gaue aduantage to the thriuing plot,
 Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not;
 Like as young Doves, (which ne're had yet forsaken
 The warme protection of their nests, or taken
 Vpon themselves a selfe-providing care,
 To shift for food, but with paternall fare
 Grow fat and plump) think every noise they heare,
 Their full cropt parents are at hand to cheare,
 Their crauing stomacks, whilst th'impartiall fist
 Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
 In euery hole, surprises them, and sheds
 Their guiltlesse blood, and parts their gasping heads
 From their vaine struggling bodies; so, euen so
 Our poore deceiu'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
 Too much to her owne hopes) the whilst her eyes
 Were set, to welcome the vnualue'd prize
 Of all her ioyes, her dearest *Argalus*,
 Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus:
Base Trull; Demagoras comes to let thee see,

How

How much he scornes thy painted face, and thee ;
Foule Sorceresse ! Could thy prosperous actions think
To scape reuenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs ? Think'st thou thy mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be understood ?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamp'ring lust, but by the sauage murder
Of thine owne aged parent, whose sad death
Must giue a freedome to the whisp'ring breath
Of thy enioy'd Adulterer ? who (they say)
Will cloake thy whordome, with a marriage day ;
Nay struggle not ; here's none that can reprieue
Such pouldred beasts ; It is in vaine to strue,
Or roare for helpe : Why dost not rather weepe,
That I may laugh ? Perchance, if thou wilt creepe
Vpon thy wanton belly, and confesse
Thy selfe a true repentant murthereesse,
My sinfull Page may play the foole, and gather
Thy early fruit into his barne, and father
Thy new-got Cyprian bastard, if that he
Be halfe so wise, that got it, but to flee :
Hah ! dooest thou weepe ? or doe false mists but mocke
Abused eyes ? From so obdure a rock
Can water flow ? Weeping will make thee faire ;
Weepe till thy marriage day ; that who repaire
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirrour, see what teares can doe :
Vile strumpet ! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy indgement so ; to thinke, Demagoras tongue
Could so defile his honour, as to sue
For serious loue ? So base a thing as you
(Me thinks) should rather fixe your wanton eyes
Vpon some easie groome, that hopes to rise

H

Into

Into his masters fauour, for your sake;
I, this had beene preferment, like to make
A hopefull fortune: thou presumptuous trash!
What was my courtship? but the minutes dast
Of youthfull passion, to assay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberous lust?
I scorne thee to the soule, and here I stand
Bound for reuenge, whereto I set my hand.

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the faire
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hayre;
And, by it, dragd her on the dusty floore:
He stopt her mouth, for feare she should implore
An aid from heauen, she swoounding in the place,
His saluage hands besmeard her liuelesse face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathlesse, and away he fled.

Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
Infernall Harpies, or what, else, inherits
The land of darknesse; you, that still conuerse
With damned soules; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How euery hell-bound lookes, that roares in hell;
Suruey them all; and, then, informe my pen,
To draw in one, the monster of all men,
Teach me to limme a villaine; and to paint,
With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon; the putrid blaine
Of all diseased humours, fit for none
But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon:
So cleare mens eyes, that whosoe're shall see
The type of basenesse, may cry, This is he:
Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot

*In Honours booke : Let his remembrance rot
In all good mindes : Let none but villaines call
His bugbeare name to memory, wherewithall
To fright their bauling bastards : Let no spell
Be found more potent, to preuaile in hell,
Then the nine letters of his charme-like name :
Which, let our bashfull Chriscrosse row disclaime
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Iewish Alphabet.*

But harke ! Am I deceiu'd ? Or doe I heare
The voice of *Arg'lus* sounding in mine eare ?
He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
No counterfeit : He's come : tis he, tis he.
Welcome too late, that art now come too soone;
Hadst thou bin here, this deed had ne're bin done.
Alas ! when louers linger, and outgoe
Their promis'd date, they know not what they doe:
Men fondly say, that women are too fond
At parting, to require so strict a bond
For quick returne : Poore soules ! tis they endure
Oft times the danger of the forfeiture,
I blame them not : for mischiefe still attends
Vpon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seekes about
In euery roome to finde *Parthenia* out :
He askes, enquires, but all lips are sparing
To be the authors of ill newes, not daring
To speake the truth they all amazed stand :
And now, my Lord's as fearfull to demand ;
Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad eare
Should heare such words, as he's afraid to heare :
All lips are boulded with a linnen barre,
And euery eye does, like a blazing starre,

Portend some euill : no language findes a leake:
 The lesse they speake, the more he feares to speake.
 Faces grow sad, and euery priuate eare
 Is turn'd a Closet for the whisperer;
 He walkes the roome, & like an unknowne stranger
 They eye him : from each eye, he picks a danger,
 At last, his lips not daring to importune
 What none dare tell him, unexpected fortune
 Leads his rash steps into a darkned roome,
 A place more black then night : no sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deepe
 As a spent heart could giue : he heard one weepe,
 And by the noise of groanes and sobs, was led
 (Having no other guide) to the sad bed.

*Who is't (saide he) that calls vntimely night
 To hide those griefes that thus abiure the light?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She past a sigh, and saide, O aske not who?
 Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
 To your demand : Alas ! It is not I :
 Not I (saide he?) what language doe I heare
 Darknesse may stop mine eye, but not mine eare,
 It is my deare Partheniaes voice, ah me !
 And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be?
 What meanes this word, (Alas ! It is not I ?)
 What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
 Thy selfe ? or what can Argalus then claime,
 If his Parthenia be not the same,
 She was : alas, it seemes to me all one
 To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her owne.
 Can hills forget their pondrous bulk, and flye
 Like wandring Atomes, in the empty skye?
 Or can the heauens (growne idle) not fulfill*

Their

Their certaine revolutions, but stand still,
And leaue their constant motion for the winde
T'inherit? Can Parthenia change her minde?
Heauen sooner shall stand still, and earth remoue,
E're my Parthenia falsifie her loue:
Vnfold thy Riddle then; and tell me, why
Those lips should say? (Alas it is not I.)

Whereto, she thus reply'd; O doe not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow
That cursed name a roome, within thy brest,
Let not so foule a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath; Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen;
Let darknesse hide it in eternall night;
May it be clad with horror, to affright
A desprate conscience; He that knowes not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Vpon this name; Let him that would contract
The body of all mischiefe, or extract
The Quint'ssence of all sorrow, onely claime
A secret priuiledge to use that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foule a sin, as once to mention it:
Liue happy Arg'lus; Doe not thou partake
In these my miseries: O forbear to make
My burthen greater, by thy tender sorrow;
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needlesse helpe: O be not thou so cruell
To feed my flaming fiers, with thy fuel;
Why doest thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Vsurpe my stage, and act Partheniaes part?
It is my proper taske: What dost thou meane,
Without my licence, to intrude my Sceane?

*Alas ! thy sorrowes ease not my distresse ;
 God knowes, I weepe not one poore teare the lesse :
 My patent's sign'd and past ; whereby appears
 That I haue got the Monopoly of teares :
 In me, let each mans torment finde an end :
 I am that Sea, to which all Riuers tend :
 Let all spent mourners, that can weepe no more,
 Take teares on trust, and set them on my score.
 And as she spake that word, his heart not able
 To beare a language so unsufferable,
 But being swolne so big, must either breake
 Or vent, his conquerd reason grew too weake
 T'oppose his quickned passion (like a man
 Transported from himselfe) he thus began ;
 Accursed darknesse ! Thou sad type of death !
 Infernall Hagge whose dwelling is beneath !
 What meanes thy boldnesse to usurpe this roome,
 And force a night, before the night be come ?
 Get, get thee downe, and keepe within thy lists ;
 Goe reuell there ; and hurle thy hideous mists
 Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
 In utter darknesse, and abhorre the light ;
 Returne thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,
 And hide those faces, whose Infernall flame
 Calls for more darknesse, and whose tortur'd soules
 Crane the protection of th' obscurest holes,
 To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
 And horrid plagues, the furies doe inflict :
 But if thou needs must ramble here, aboue ;
 Goe to some other Clymate, and remoue
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
 That hate thy Tyranny : Goe exercise
 Thy power in Groues, and solitary springs,*

Where

Where Bats are subiects, and where Owles are kings;
Goe to the graues and fill those empty roomes,
That such as slumber in their silent Toombs
May blesse thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd
Of undisturbed and eternall rest:
Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
To haunt the liuing, haste thee, and retire
Into some Cloister, and there stand betweene
The light, and those that faine would sin, unscene;
Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes
Count'nance close treasons, and incestuous rapes;
Benight those roomes; and aid all such as feare
The eye of heauen; Goe, close thy curtaines there;
Wee need thee not (foule witch) away, away;
Thou hid'st more beauty then the noone of day
Can giue; O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
On this darke bed, the glory of the world.

So said; Abruptly he the roome departs,
His cheekes looke pale, his curled haire vpstarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quicke flashes like the flames of lightning flye;
He calls for light; the light no sooner come,
But his owne hand conuayes it to the roome
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himselfe; he blest himselfe again,
Thrice did he blesse himselfe, and after said,

Foule witch, be gone; and let thy dismall shade
For sake this place; Let thy darke fogs obey
Great Vulcans charge; In Vulcans name, away;
Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaime
His soueraignty, in my Parthenia's name
I charme thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He steps to that sad bed, where round about,

Clos'd

Clos'd were the curtaines, as if darknesse did
 Command that such a Jewell should be hid:
 His left hand held the tapour, and his right
 Enforc'd the curtaines, to absolue the light;
 Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
 The truest pourtrait of deformity,
 As ere the Sun beheld: That louely face,
 That was, of late, the modell of all grace
 And peerelesse beauty, whose imperious eyes
 Ravisht where ere they lookt, and did surprise
 The very soules of men; she, she of whom
 Nature her selfe was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguiz'd,
 As darknes, for mans sake, was well advis'd
 To cloath in mists, lest any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
 All this when *Argalus* beheld and found
 It was no dreame, he fell upon the ground;
 And rau'd, and rose agen, stood still and gaz'd,
 At first he startled, then hee stood amaz'd;
 Lookes now upon the light, and now on her;
 One while his tyred fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence; as his thoughts encrease,
 His passion striues for vent, and breakes that peace,
 Which conquer'd reason had, of late, concluded.
 And thus began; *Are these false eyes deluded?*
Or haue enchanted mists stept in betweene
My abused eyes, and what mine eyes haue seene?
No, mischiefe cannot act so faire a part,
T' affright in iest; it goes beyond the art
Of all blacke bookes, to maske with such disguise,
So sweet a face; I know, that these are eyes;
And this a light; False mists could neuer be

Betwixt

Betwixt my poore Parthenia, and me.

*Accursed Tapour ! what infernall spright
Breath'd in thy face ? what fury gave thee light !
Thou impe of Phlegeton ; who let thee in,
To force a day, before the day begin ?
Who brought thee hither ? I ? did I ? From whom
What leane chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?
When as this cursed hand did goe about
To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
Be all such Tapours cursed, for thy sake ;
Ne're shine, but at some Vigill, or sad Wake ;
Be neuer scene, but when as sorrow calls
Thy needfull helpe to nightly funerals ;
Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about ; and Owles, to wonder at :
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
To fright the Sexton from his passing Bell :
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their darke-lanterns : Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the roome : and if that none
Shall deigne to put thee out, goe out alone ;
Attend some misers table, and then waste
Too soone, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burne dimme for euer : Let that flatt'ring light,
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock : be banisht quite
From Cupids Court : When lovers goe about
Their stolne pleasures, let your flames goe out :
Henceforth be usefull to no other end,
But onely to burne day light, or attend
The midnight Cups of such as shall resigne,
With vsurie, their indigested wine :
Why dost thou burne so cleare ? Alas ! these eyes,
Discerne too much : Thy wanton blaze doth rise*

Too high a pitch: thou burnst too bright, for such
 As see no comfort; O thou shin'st too much:
 Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout
 T'endure my breath? This breath shall puffe thee out.
 Thus, thus my ioyes are quite extinguish't, neuer
 To be reuiu'd: Thus gone, thus gone for euer.

With that, transported with a furious blast,
 He blew it out: but mark, that very blast
 (As if it meant, on purpose, to disclaime
 His desp'rat thoughts) reuiu'd th'extingui(h)t flame.
 He stands amaz'd; and, hauing mus'd a while,
 Beholds the Tapour, and begins to smile.

And can the gods themselues (said he) contriue
 A way for hope? Can my past ioyes reuiue,
 Like this rekindled fier? If they doe,
 I'll curse my lips (bright Lamp) for cursing you.
 Eternall fates! Deale fairely; dally not:
 If your hid bounties haue reseru'd a lot
 Beyond my wained hope, be it exprest,
 In open view; make haste: and doe your best:
 But if your Iustice be determin'd so
 To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
 Strengthen not what at length you meane to burst;
 Strike home betimes; dispatch; and doe your worst:
 That burthen is too great for him to beare
 That's eauenly poised betwixt hope and feare.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
 The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
 He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance;
 Sometimes her liuelesse hand he would aduance
 To his sad lips; then steale it downe agen;
 Sometimes, a teare would fall vpon't; and then
 A sigh must dry it; Euery kisse did beare

A sigh, and euery sigh begat a teare :
He kist ; He sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
He fixt his eye vpon her wounded face,
And, in a whispering language, he disbu rs'd.
His various thoughts; thus, with himself, discours'd.

*And were the Sun-beames of those eyes too fierce
For mortall view ? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder ?
Or did thy youth make treason e're the bolder
To staine that brow ; and by a midnight theft,
To steale more beauty, then the day had left ?*

*Or did that blinde, that childish god discry
A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye,
Which, ouer-bright, he sought to make more dim
By blurring that, which, else, had blasted him,*

*Or did the Sea-borne Goddesse- Queene repine
To see her star so much outshone by thine ;
And fild with rage, and enuious despiight,
Sent downe a cloud, t' eclipse so faire a light ?*

*Or did the wiser deities foresee
This likely danger ; that when men should see
So bright a Lampe, fearing they should commit
Such sweet Idolatry, benighted it ?*

*Or did the too too carefull gods conspire
A good for man, transcending mans desire,
And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
Gane it a wound, lest it should wound too many ?
If so they meant, they might haue bin more kinde
To saue that beauty, and haue stricke vs blind.*

Before the sound of his last breath was gon,
Her speech (being marshall'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue

Wept forth these words ; Thus fleet, thus transitory
 Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
 Poore earth can giue ; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
 Can quit that debt, that necessary duty,
 They owe to Change and Time ; but, like a flower,
 They flourish now, and fade within an houre.
 The world's compos'd of change ; there's nothing stayer.
 At the same point ; all alters, all decays :
 The world is like a Play, where every age
 Concludes her Sceane, and so departs the stage ;
 And when Times hasty Houre-glasse is run,
 Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.
 Who acts the King to day, by change of lot,
 To morrow begs, and blushes not :
 Whose beauty was ador'd o're night, next morning,
 May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning :
 Looke where we list, there's nothing to the eye
 Seemes truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most deare Parthenia (Argalus reply'd)
 Had thy deceiued eye but slept aside,
 And lookt upon thy Argalus his brest ;
 I know, I know, thy language had profess'd
 Another faith : thy lips had ne're let flie,
 At vnawares, so great an Heresie :
 'Tis not the change of fauour, that can change
 My heart ; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
 My best affections, so for euer fixt
 On thee ; nothing, but Death, can come betwixt
 My soule, and thine ; If I had lou'd thy face,
 Thy face alone ; my fancy had giuen place,
 Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
 Vpon new fortunes, and the old had ended.
 If I had lou'd thee, for thy beauenly eye,

I might haue courted the bright maiesty
 Of Titan : If thy curious lips had snar'd
 My lick'rish thoughts, I might haue soone prepar'd
 A blushing Currall, or some full ripe Chery,
 And pleas'd my lips, untill my lips were weary;
 Or if the smoothnesse of thy whiter brow
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
 To outward obiects, polish'd Marble might
 Haue giuen as much content, as much delight;
 In brieft, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
 Bin pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
 Thy curious picture might haue then supply'd
 My wants, more full, then all the world beside;
 No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye
 Nor any outward exc' lence urg'd me, why
 To loue Parthenia : 'Twas thy better part,
 (Which mischief could not wrong,) surpris'd my heart.
 Thy beauty was but like a Christall case,
 Through which, the Jewell of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me loue the Casket for the Jewels sake;
 No, no; my well aduised eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the filme; sunk deeper then the skin;
 Else, had I now bin chang'd, and that firme duty
 I owe my vowes, had faded, with thy beauty;
 Nay, weepe not my (Parthenia;) let those teares
 Ne're waile that losse, which a few after yeares
 Had claim'd as due; Cheare up; thou hast forsaken
 But that, which sicknesse would (perchance) haue taken,
 With greater disadvantage; or else age
 That common euill, which Art cannot assuage;
 Beauty's but bare opinion : White and Red
 Haue no more priuiledge, then what is bred

By humane fancie ; which was nere confinde
 To certaine bounds, but varies like the winde ;
 What one man likes, another disrespects ;
 And what a third most hates ; a fourth, affects ;
 The Negro's eye thinkes blacke beyond compare,
 And what would fright vs most, they count most faire :
 If then opinion be the tutch, whereby
 All beautie's tride ; Parthenia, in my eye
 Out-shines faire Hellen ; or who else she be,
 That is more rich in beauties wealth then she.
 Cheare vp : The Soueraignty of thy worth, enfranches
 Thy captiue beauty ; and thy vertue blanches
 These staines of fortune ; Come, it matters not
 What others thinke : A letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot reade ; but, who haue skill,
 Can know the faire impression of a Quill,
 From grosse and beedlesse blurres ; and such can thinke
 No paper foule, that's fairely writ with Inke :
 What others hold a blemish in thy face,
 My skilfull eyes read Characters of grace ;
 What hinders then, but that without delay,
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day ?
 She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
 Though wanting beautie, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride ? (said she) such Brides as I ; can haue
 No fitter bridall Chamber then a Graue ;
 Death is my bridegroom ; and to welcome Death,
 My loyall heart shall plight a second faith ;
 And when that day shall come, that ioyfull day
 Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
 The heat of all my sorrowes, and conioyne
 My palefac'd Bridegrooms lingring hand, with mine,
 These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall

Attend

Attend the day, to grace that Day withall.

*Time with his empty Howreglasse shall lead
The triumph on, His winged hooves shall tread
Slow paces, After him, there shall ensue
The chaste Diana, with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypresse girlands, After whom
In ranke, th' impartiall Destinies shall come:
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawne
With harnast Virgins vail'd with purest lawne,
The Bride shall sit, Despaire and Griefe shall stand,
Like heartlesse Bridemaids upon eyther hand,
Vpon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd
The little winged god with arme vnbrac'd,
And bow unbent; his drooping wings must hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his side
Must be unarmed, and either hand must hold
A banner, where, with Characters of gold
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Loue, and Constancy..
Next after, Hope, in a discoloured weed,
Shall sadly march alone: A slender reed
Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand,
A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
And after all, the Bridegroom shall appeare
Like Ioues Lieutenant, and bring vp the Reare
He shall be mounted on a Coale-blacke steed
His hand shall hold a Dart, on which, shall bleed
A pierced heart, wherein, a former wound
Which Cupids Iauelin entred shall be found,
When as these Triumphes shall adorne our feast,
Let Argalus be my invited guest,
And let him bid me nuptiall Ioy: from whom
I once expected all my ioyes should come.*

With:

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
 To weare death's colours; or as if his blood
 Had beene imployed to condole the smarts
 And torment of his poore afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake: *V*nhappiest of all men,
*W*hy doe I live? Is Death my Riual then?
*V*nequall chance! Had it bin flesh and blood,
 I could haue graped, and (perchance) withstood
 Some stout encounters: Had an armed host,
 Of mortall riuals ventur'd to haue cross'd
 My best desiers; my Partheniaes eye
 Had giuen me power to make that army fly
 Like frighted Lambs, before the Wolfe; But thou
 Before whose presense, all must steepe and bow
 Their seruile necks, what weapon shall I hold
 Against thy hand, that will not be controll'd?
 Great enemy! whose kingdome's in the dust
 And darke some Caves; I know that thou art iust;
 Else had the gods ne're trusted to thy hand
 So great a priuiledge, so large command
 And Iurisdiction o're the lines of men,
 To kill, or save even whom thou please, and when:
 O, suffer not Partheniaes tempting teares
 To moue thy heart; Let thy hard hearted cares
 Be deafe to all her suits: If she professe
 Affection to thee, beleene nothing lesse;
 She's my betroathed spouse and Hymens bands
 Haue firmly ioyn'd our hearts, though not our hands,
 Where plighted faith, and sacro-sanctius vowe
 Hath giuen possession, dispossesse not thou.
 Be iust; and though her briny lips bewaile
 Her grieve with teares, let not those teares preuaile.
 Whom heavens haue ioyn'd, thy hands may not disioyne,

I am Partheniaes, and Parthenia's mine ;
Alas ! we are but one ; Then thou must either
Refuse vs both ; or, else, take both together.

My deare Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
Of dull despaire molest thee, or unfashion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forgetfull, or thy selfe vnkind.
Starue not my pining hopes, with longer stay ;
My lone hath wings, and brookes no long delay,
It houer's up and downe, and cannot rest,
Vntill it light and perch upon thy brest.
Torment not him, within these lingring fires,
That's rackt already on his owne desires:
Seale and deliuer as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promist faith hath set her hand ;
And what our plighted hearts, and mutiall vow
Haue so long since begun, O finish now ;
That our imperfect and halfe pleasures may
Receiue perfection, by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus ; Had the pleas'd Gods above,
Forgiuen my faults, and made me fit for Ioue
To blesse at large ; Had all the powres of heauen
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) giuen
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could giue, or couetous mind importune,
I vow to heauen and all those heauenly powers,
They should no sooner beene made mine, but yours ;
Nay, had my fortunes staid but at the rate
They were ; had I remained in that state
I was ; (although at best unworth by farre
Of such a peerlesse blessing as you are)
My deare acceptance should haue fill'd my heart
As full of ioyes, as now it is of smart ;

K

But,

But, as I am, let angry Ioue then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent:
And when I roare, let heauen my paines deride,
When I match Argalus to such a Bride:
Live happy Argalus, let thy soule receiue
What blessings poore Parthenia cannot haue:
Live happy: May thy ioyes be neuer done,
But let one blessing draw another on:
O may thy better Angell watch and ward
Thy soule, and pitch an everlasting guard
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And showre downe blessings where soere thou art;
Let all thy ioyes be as the month of May,
And all thy dayes be as a marriage day:
Let sorrow, sicknesse, and a troubled minde
Be strangers to thee; Let them neuer finde
Thy heart at home, Let Fortune still alot
Such lawlesse guests to those that loue thee not:
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutuall faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I giue thee freedom to translate
Vpon the merits of some fitter spouse:
I giue thee leaue, and freely quit thy vowes.
I call the gods to witnesse, nothing shall
More blesse my soule, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, then to see
My Argalus, (what ere become of me)
So linckt in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tyde
Of teares orewhelm'd her language, and denyde
A passage; but when passions flood was spent,

She

She thus proceeds : You gods, if you are bent
To aet my tragedy, why doe you wrong
Our patience so, to make the play so long ?
Your Sceanes are tedious; Gainst the rules of art,
You dwell too long ; too long, upon one part.
Be briefe, and take aduantage of your odds,
One simple maid amongst so many gods ?
And not be conquer'd yet? Conioyne your might,
And send her soule into eternall night,
That liues too long a day ; Ile not resist ;
Provided you strike home ; strike where ye list.
Accursed be that Day, wherein these eyes
First saw the light ; Let desp'rate soules deuise
A curse sufficient for it ; Let the Sun
Ne're shine upon it ; and what ere's begun
Vpon that fatall day, let heauen forbid it
Successe ; if not, to ensnare the hand, that did it.
Why was I borne ? Or, being borne, O why
Did not my fonder nurses Lullaby
(Euen whilst my lips were hanging on her brest)
Sing her poore Babe to everlasting rest ?
O then my infant soule had neuer knowne
This world of griefe, beneath whose weight I groane :
No, no, it had not : He that dyes in's prime,
Speeds a long businesse in a little time.
But Argalus (whose more extreame desire,
Vnapt to yeeld, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denyall,
Gaue thus an onset to a further tryall ;
Life of my soule ; By whom, next heauen, I breath,
Excepting whom, I haue no friend but Death,
How can thy wishes ease my griefe, or stand
My miserie in stead, when as thy hand,

And nothing but thy helping hand can giue me
 Reliefe, and yet refuses to relieue me?
 Strange kinde of charity! when being afflicted,
 I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
 Of those best wishes, and must be remou'd
 From loues enioyment; why? Because belou'd.
 Alas! alas! How can my wishes be
 A blessing to me, if vnblest in thee?
 Thy beauty's gone, (thou saiest;) why, let it goe;
 He loues but ill, that loues but for a show;
 Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
 That neuer yet was slaue to a complexion.
 Shall euery day, wherein the earth does lacke
 The Suns reflex, b' expell'd the Almanacke?
 Or shall thy ouer-curious steps forbear
 A garden, 'cause there be no Roses there?
 Or shall the sunset of Partheniaes beauty
 Enforce my iudgement to neglect that duty,
 The which my best aduis'd affection owes
 Her sacred vertue, and my solempne vowes?
 No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate,
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate,
 For Argalus to loue.

It is as easie for Parthenia's heart
 To proue lesse vertuous, as for me to start
 From my firme faith: The flame that honours breath
 Hath blowne, nothing hath power to quench, but death:
 Thou gau'st me leaue to chuse a fitter spouse,
 And freedome to recall, to quit those vowes
 I tooke: Who gaue thee license to dispense
 With such false tongues, as offer violence
 To plighted faith? Alas, thou canst not free
 Thy selfe, much lesse hast power to license me:

Vowes.

Vowes can admit no change; They still persener
Against all chance; they binde, they binde for euer:
A vow's a holy thing; no common breath:
The limits of a vow, is heauen and death;
A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flowne
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling lest,
As soone as vented, lines not in thy brest,
When vtterd once, but is a sacred word
Straight entred in the strict and close record
Of heauen; It is not like a Iuglers knot,
Or fast, or loose, as pleases vs, or not.
Since then thy vowes can finde no dispensation,
And may not be recall'd, recall thy passion;
Performe, performe what now it is too late,
T' unwish againe, too soone to violate:
Seeke not to quit, what heauen denyes to free:
Performe thy vowes to heauen, thy vowes to me.

Thrice dearer then my soule, (she thus replied)
Had my owne pamper'd fancy beene the guide
To my affection, I had condescended
Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
My best desiers too: I lou'd not thee
For my owne pleasure in that base degree,
As gluttons doe their diet, who dispence
With unwash'd hands, (lest they should giue offence
To their grip'd stomackes, when a minutes stay,
Will make them curse occasion all the day)
I lou'd not so; My first desires did spring
From thy owne worth; and as a sacred thing,
I alwaies view'd thee, whom my zeale commands
Me not prophane with these defiled hands:
Tis true; Performance is a debt we owe

To Vowes, and nothing's drearer then a vow;
Yet when the gods doe ravish from our hand
The meanes to keepe it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day
At Iuno's Altar's bound, and must obey:
But if (being under vow) the gods doe please
To strike him with a leperous disease
Or foule infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, or to breake the vow?
The case is mine; where then the gods dispence,
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
Admit it were an euill; 'tis our best
Of necessary ills, to choose the least.
The gods are good: The strict recognisance
Of vowes, is onely taken to aduance
The good of man; Now if that good proue ill,
We may refuse, our vowes intire still.
I vow a mariage; why? because I doe
Entirely affect that man, my vowes are to;
But if some foule disease should interpose
Betwixt our promis'd mariage, and our vowes;
The strict performance of those vowes must proue
I wrong; and therefore loue not, whom I loue.
Then urge no more: Let my denyall be
A pledge sufficient twixt my loue and thee.
So ended she: But vehement desire,
(That can be quencht with No; no more, then fire,
With oyle; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Loue makes a Rhetoritian;
He speakes: she answers: He, a freish, replies;
He stoutly sues; As stoutly she denyes.
He begs in vaine; and she denies in vaine;
For she denies againe; He begs againe;

Ac

At last, both weary, he his suite adiournes;
For louers dayes are good, and bad by turnes.
He bids farewell: As if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he goe;
He bids farewell; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell; but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell should not be the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, & both, being heavy hearted
She bids farewell, He bids farewell, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* weeping all alone;
And like the widowed Turtle, she bewailes
The absence of her mate: Passion preuailes
Above her strength: Now her poore heart can tell,
What's heauen, by wanting heauen; and what is hel
By her owne torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection must obey;
And, like a weathercocke, her various minde
Is chang'd and turn'd with euery blast of winde.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state;
She faine would wish but then she knows not what:
Resolues of this, of that, and then of neither,
She faine would flee: but then she knows not whither.
At length (consulting with the heartlesse paire
Of ill aduifers, Sorrow, and Despaire)
Resolues to take th'aduantage of that night,
To steale away, and seeke for death by flight;
A Pilgrims weed her liuelesse limmes addrest
From head to foot: A thong of leather blest
Her wasted loynes; Her feeble feet were shod

With

With Sandalls ; In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illustrious Soueraigne of the Day
Had now begun his Circuit, to suruay
His lower kingdome, hauing newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* gouernment,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progresse now, which onely death can end.

Goe haplesse Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine owne vertues ; and what else beside,
That may be prosp'rous : may thy merits find
More happinesse, then thy distressed mind
Can hope : Live, and to after-ages proue
The great example of true *Faith* and *Loue* :
Gone, gone she is ; but whither she is gone,
Phe gods, and fortune can resolute alone :
Tardon my Quill, that is enforc'd to stray
From a poore Lady, in an vnknowne way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obuious dangers, that so oft befell
Our poore *Parthenia*, in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage ;
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,
Her hourelly feares, and frights, her hungry fare ;
Her daily perills, and her nightly scapes
From rauinous beasts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my taske ; who care not to incite
My Readers passion to an appetite.
We leaue *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her settled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceiued she was fled, not knowing whither ;
He makes no stay : Consults not with the weather,

Stayes

Stayes not to thinke, but claps his hasty knees
To his fleet Courser, and away he flees :
His haste inquires no way, (he needs not feare
To lose the roade, that goes he knowes not where :)
One while he prickes vpon the fruitfull plaines;
And now, he gently slackes his prouder reynes,
And climes the barren hills : with fresh careeres
He tryes the right-hand way ; and then he veres
His course vpon the left : One while he likes
This path ; when, by and by, his fancy strikes
Vpon another tract. Sometimes, he roves
Among the Springs, and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
H'engraues *Partheniaes* name with his : then flees
To the wilde Champian : his proud Steed remoues
The hopefull fallowes, with his horned houes :
He baulks no way, rides over rocke and mountaine;
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountaine,
He straight dismounts his Steed ; begins to quench
His thirsty lips ; and after that, to drench
His fainting limmes, in that sweet streame, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had bin.

The *Fountaine* was vpon a steepe descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm rock, which Art (to make it knowne
To after-ages) wall'd and roof'd with stone :
Aboue the chrystall fountaines head, was plac'd
Dianaes Image (though of late defac'd :)
Beneath, a rocky *Cysterne* did retaine
The water, sliding through the Cokes of *Cane*,
Whose curious *Current* the worlds greater eye
Ne're view'd, but in his mid-day Maiestie :
It was that *Fountaine*, where, in elder times

Poore *Corydon* compos'd his rurall rimes,
 And left them closely hid, for his vnkinde
 And marble hearted *Phyllida* to finde.
 All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
 Redeemes his losse of time with a new speed:
 And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
 His progresse God knowes whither: He pursues
 His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
 And (with a minde as doubtfull as the way)
 He iournies on; he left no course, vnthought;
 No traueller, vnaskt; no place vnought.

To make a Iournall of each Circumstance;
 His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
 Befell his tedious travell: to relate
 The braue attempt of this exploit, or that;
 His rare atchievements, and their faire successe;
 His noble courage, in extreame distresse;
 His desp'rate dangers, his deliuerance:
 His high esteeme with men, which did enhance
 His meanest actions to the throne of *Ioue*:
 And what he suffered for *Partheniaes* love,
 Would make our volume endlesse, apt to try
 The vtmost patience of a studious eye:
 All which, the bounty of a free conceit
 May sooner reach too, then my pen relate.
 But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrise
 Repair'd her empty hornes, and fill'd the eyes
 Of gazing mortalls, with her globe of light,
 This restlessse Lover ceas'd not, day and night,
 To wander, in a solitary Quest
 For her, whose loue had taught him to digest
 The dregs of sorrow, and to count all ioyes
 But follies (weigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.

It hapned now, that twise fixe months had runne
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begunne
Histoylesome progresse; who, in vaine, had spent
A yeare of houres, and yet no euent,
When fortune brought him to a goodly *Seat*,
(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and lesse curious to the sight,
Then strong, yet yeelding even as much delight
As strength: whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters iudgement, and the builders care.
Arround the *Castle*, nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd prouision for the Winter tide:
Neer which the neighb'ring hills (wel stockt & stor'd
With milkewhite flockes) did severally afford
Their fruitfull blessings, and deserv'd increate
To painfull Husbandry, the childe of Peace:
It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the brother
Of lost *Parthenias* late deceased mother.
He was a *Gentleman*, whom vaine ambition
Ne'er taught to undervalue the condition
Of priuate *Gentry*; who preferr'd the loue
Of his respected neighbours, farre aboue
The apish congies of th'vnconstant *Court*;
Ambitious of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Vpon his fauours so, as to be tending
Vpon his person: and, in brieft, too strong
Within himselfe, for fortunes hand to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiu'd
As great content, as one that was bereau'd
Of all his ioyes, could take, or who would strue

T'expresse a welcome to the life, could giue:
 His richly furnisht table more exprest
 A common bounty then a curious feast;
 Wherat, the choice of pretious wines were proferd
 In liberall sort; not vrg'd, but freely offerd;
 The carefull seruants did attend the roome,
 No need to bid them eyther goe or come:
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His Masters pleasure in his Masters eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemperd? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sicke palate? no, there's no content.
 Can enter *Argalus*, whose soule is bent
 To tyre on his owne thoughts: *Kalanders* loue
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites
 T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.
 It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble guests, intending
 Texchange their pleasures in the open ayre,
 A messenger came in, and did repayre
 Vnto *Kalander*, told him, That the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (neare allyde
 To fayre *Queene Hellen*) whose vnskilfull guide
 Had so missled, that she does make request,
 This night, to be his bold, and vnknowne guest;
 And by his help to be inform'd the way
 To finde to morrow, what shee lost to day.
Kalander (the extent of whose ambition
 Was to expresse the bounteous disposition
 Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
 To entertaine) return'd the salutation.

Of

Of an vnknowne seruant; and withall profest
 A promis'd welcome to so faire a guest.
 Forthwith *Kalander*, and his noble friends,
 (All but poore *Argalus*, who recommends
 His thoughts to priuate vses, and confines
 His secret fancy to his owne designs)
 Mounted their prauising Steeds, to giue a meeting
 To his faire guest: they met, but at first meeting
Kalander stood amaz'd, (for he suppos'd
 It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts disclos'd;

Madam (said he) *If these mine aged eyes
 Retaine that wonted strength, which age denies
 To many of my yeares, I should be bold
 (In viewing you) to say, I doe behold
 My neece Partheniaes face: Nor can I be
 Perswaded (by your leave) but you are she.*

Thrice noble Sir (she thus replide) *your tongue
 (Perchance) hath done the faire Parthenia wrong,
 In your mistake, and too much honour'd me,
 That (in my iudgement) was more fit to be
 Her soyle, then picture; yet hath many an eye
 Giuen the like sentence, she not being by;
 Nay, more; I haue beene told, that my owne mother
 Fail'd often to distinguish i' one from i' other.*

Said then *Kalander*: *If my rash conceit
 Hath made a fault, mine errour shall await
 Vpon your grations pardon: I alone
 Was not deceiv'd; for neuer any one
 That view'd Partheniaes visage, but would make
 As great an error by as great mistake.
 But (Madam) for her sake, and for your owne,
 (Whose worth may challenge to it selfe alone,
 More service then *Kalander* can expresse)*

*T'are truly welcome. Enter, and possesse
This Castle as your owne; which can be blest
In nothing, more, then in so faire a guest.
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus replide:
Let everlasting ioyes be multiplide
Within these gentle gates, and let them stand
As lasting monuments in th' Arcadian land,
Of rare and bounteous hospitality
To after-times. Let strangers passing by
Blesse their succeeding heires as shall descend
From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*

*When as a little respite had repair'd
Her weary limmes, which trauell had impair'd,
The freeness of occasion did present
New subiects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest, befell
Kalandar (often stopt with teares) to tell
Of Argalus and lost Partheniaes loue,
Whose vndissembled passion did moue
A generall grieve; the more that they attended
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.
Madam (saide he) although your visage be
Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree;
Poore girle: and as hee spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a teare. The Lady thus replies:*

*My soule doth suffer for Partheniaes sake:
But tell me Sir, did Argalus forsake
His poore Parthenia whom he lou'd so deare?
How hath he spent his daies e're since? and where?*

*Maddam (saide he) when as their marriage day
Drew neare; mischief, that now was bent to play
Vpon the Stage, her studied master-prize,
With ongly leprosie did so disguise*

Her

Her beauteous face, that she became a terror
To her owne selfe: But Argalus the mirrour
Of truest constancy, (whose loyall heart,
Not guided by his eye, disdain'd to start
From his past vowes) did, in despite of fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune
Th' intended mariage ne' erthelesse: but she,
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deafe and mute;
And at the last, to auoid his further suit,
Not making any priuate to her flight,
She quits the house, and steales away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
That she was fled, and being quite bereav'd
Of his lost hope, poore lover, he assaies
By toilesome pilgrimage to end his dayes;
Or finde her out: Now twise six months haue run
Their tedious courses, since he first begun
His fruitlesse iourney, ranging farre and neare,
Suffering as many sorrowes, as a yeare
Could send; & made by the extreames of weather
Vnapt for travell, fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remaines, till time shall make
His wasted body fit to undertake
His discontinued progresse, and renew
His great enquest for her, who at first view,
Madam you seem'd to be.

So said; The Lady, from whose tender eyes
Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
With both their sorrowes, said; And is there then
Such unexpected constancy in men?
Most noble Sir;
If the too rash desires of a stranger

May

May be dispens'd withall without the danger
 Of too great boldnesse, I should make request
 To see this noble Lord, in whose rare brest
 (By your report) more honour doth reside
 Then in all Greece; nay all the world beside:
 I have a message to him, and am loath
 To doe it, were I not engag'd by oath.
 Whereat Kalandar, not in breath, but action,
 Applies himselfe to give a satisfaction
 To her propounded wish: protraction waists
 No time; but vp to Argalus he hasts:
 Argalus comes downe, and after salutation
 Giuen, and receiu'd, she accosts him on this
 My noble Lord, (fashion;
 Whereas the loud resounding trump of fame
 Hath nois'd your worth, and glorified your name
 Above all others, let your goodnesse now
 Make good that faire report; that I may know
 By true experience, what my ioyfull eare
 Had but, as yet, the happinesse to heare.
 And if the frailty of a womans wit
 May chancet' offend; be noble, and remit.

Then know (most noble Lord) my native place
 Is Corinth; of the selfe same blood and race
 With fair Queen Hellen, in whose princely court
 I had my birth, my breeding: To be short,
 Thither not many dayes agoe, there came
 Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
 The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd,
 In feature altred, and in face deform'd,
 That (in my iudgement) all this region could
 Not show a thing, more ugly to behold.
 Long was it ere her oft repeated voves

And

And solemne protestations could rouse
My ouer dull beliefe; till, at the last;
Some passages, that heretofore had past
In secret twixt Parthenia and me,
Gave full assurance't could be none but shee;
Abundant welcome (as a soule so sad
As mine, and hers, could giue or take) she had:
So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
That whosoever saw the one, saw both,
Yet were we not alike in our complexions
So much as in our loues, in our affections:
One sorrow seru'd vs both, and one reliefe
Could ease vs both, both partners in one griefe:
Much priuate time we ioyntly spent; and neither
Could finde a true content, if not together.
The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
She oft discourst, which strongly did importune
A world of teares from these suffused eyes,
The true partakers of her miseries.
And as she spake, the accent of her story
Would alwaies point vpon th' eternall glory
Of your rare constancy, which whosoere
In after-ages shall presume to heare,
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebell to all vertue, and (defam'd
In his best actions) let his leprous name
Or die dishonour'd, or suruiue with shame.
But ah! what simples can the hand of art
Finde out to stanch a louers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
To turne the course of loues Phlebotomie?
Loue is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blowne
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed vpon,

Workes on the very soule, and does torment
 The vniuerse of man : which being spent
 And wasted in the conflict, often shrinks
 Beneath the burthen ; and, so conquerd sinks :
 All which, your poore Parthenia knew too well,
 Whose bed-rid hopes, not hauing power to quell
 Th' imperious fury of extreame despaire,
 She languisht, and not able to contraire
 The will of her victorious passion ; cryed,
 My dearest Argalus, farewell, and dyed :
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath
 Had freely paid the full arreares to death,
 She cald me to her ; In her dying hand
 She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
 A shoure of teares, unwept ; and in mine eare
 She whispered so, as all the roome might heare.

Sister (said she) (That title past betweene vs
 Not undeseru'd ; for, all that ere had seene vs,
 Mistooke vs so, at least) The latest sand
 Of my spent howre-glasse is now at hand.
 Those ioyes, which heauen appointed out for me,
 I here bequeath to be possesst by thee,
 And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
 And draine them from the dregs of all my faults,
 Enioy them thou, wherewith (being so refine
 From all their drosse) full fraught thy constant mind :
 And let thy prosp'rous voyage be addrest
 To the faire port of Argalus his brest,
 As whom the eye of noone did ne're discover
 So loyall, so renownd, so rare a louer :
 Cast anchor there, for by this dying breath
 Nothing can please my soule more, after death,
 And make my ioyes more perfect, then to see

*A marriage twixt my Argalus and thee;
This Ring the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gaue me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithfull heart I tender
My sacred vowes: with it, I here surrender
All right and title, that I had, or haue
In such a blessing, as I now must leaue;
Goe to him, and coniure him in my name
What loue he bare to me, the very same
That he transferre on thee: take no deniall.
Which granted, liue thou happy, constant, loyall.
And as she spake that word her voice did alter;
Her breath grew cold, her speech began to faulter:
Faine would she utter more, but her spent tongue
(Not able to goe further) faild, and clung
To her drie roafe. A while, as in a trance,
She lay; and, on a sudden, did aduance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewell my dearest Argalus: and died.*

*And now, my Lord, although this office be
Vnsutable to my sexe, and disagree
Too much perchance, with the too meane condition
Of my state, more like too finde dirision,
Then satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits doe afford
Extr'ordinary meanes, and can excuse,
The breach of custome, or the common use:
Wherefore, incited by the deare directions
Of dead Parthenia, by mine owne affections,
And by the exc'lence of your high desert,
I here present you with a faithfull heart,
A heart, to you deuoted; which assures
It selfe no happinesse, but in being yours.*

Pardon my boldnesse, They that shall reprove
 This, as a fault, reprove a fault in loue.
 And why should custome doe our sex that wrong,
 To take away the priuiledge of our tongue?
 If nature giue vs freedome, to affect,
 Why then should custome barre vs to detect
 The gifts of nature? She that is in paine
 Hath a sufficient warrant to complaine.
 Then giue me leaue (my Lord) to reinforce
 A virgins suit, and (thinking ne're the worse
 Of proferd loue) let my desires thrine,
 And freely accept, what I so freely giue.

So ending, silence did enlarge her eare,
 (Prepar'd with quicke attention) to heare
 His gracious words: But *Argalus* whose passion
 Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
 Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
 Had giuen an earnest of such obsequies,
 As his adiourned sorrow had entended
 To doe at full, and therefore recommended
 To priuacy; true griefe abhorres the light,
 Who grieues without a witnesse grieues aright.
 His passion thus suspended for a while,
 (And yet not so, but that it did recoyle
 Strong sighes) he wip'd his teare-bedewed eyes,
 And turning to the Lady, thus replies.

Madam,
 Your no lesse rare, then noble fauours shew
 How much you merit, and how much I owe
 Your great desert, which claimes more thankfulnessse,
 Then such a dearth of language can expresse.
 But most of all, I stand for euer bound
 To that your goodnesse, my *Parthenia* found

In her distresse, for which respect (in duty
As I am tyed) poore Argalus shall repute ye
The flowre of noble courtesie, and proclaime
Your high deservings. Lady; as I am,
A poore unhappy wretch, the very scorne
Of all prosperitie, distrest, forlorne,
Unworthy the least fauour you can giue;
I am your slave, your Beadsman will I line:
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happinesse, yet heauen knowes
(Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
Of mine owne thoughts, nor haue I power to doe
What, else, you needed not perswade me to;
For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine owne,
To carue according to my pleasure, none
But you should challenge it; but while I line
It is Parthenia's, and not mine to giue.

Whereto she thus replies: Most Noble sir,
Death, that hath made diuorſe twixt you, and her,
Hath now returned you your heart againe,
Dissolud your vov'es, dislink'd that sacred chaine,
Which tyde your ſoules; nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is growne a debt, that you are bound to pay,
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her soule is dispossesse
(And by your meanes) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poore distressed Argalus
Pausing a while return'd his answer thus;

Incomparable Lady,
When first of all, by heauens diuine directions,
We lou'd, we lik'd, wee linkt our deare affections,

And with the solemne power of an oath,
 In presence of the better gods, we both
 Exchang'd our hearts: in witnes of which thing,
 I gaue, and she receined this deare Ring,
 Which now you weare; by which she did resigne
 Her heart to me; for which, I gaue her mine.
 Now, Madam, by a mutuall commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not my owne but hers;
 Which if it had the power to suruiue,
 She being dead, what heart haue I to giue?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poore Lady!) to bequeath?
 Madam, in her began my deare affection;
 In her, it liu'd; in her it had perfection;
 In her, it ioy'd, although but ill befriended
 By fate; in her begun, in her, it ended.
 If I had lou'd, if I had onely lou'd
 Parthenia's beauty, I had soone beene mou'd
 To moderate my sorrowes, and to place
 That loue on you, that haue Parthenia's face;
 But 'twas Parthenia's selfe I lou'd, and loue;
 Which as no time hath power to remoue
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
 No fortune can dissolue; no death can finish.

With mingled frownes and smiles, she thus replide
 Halfe in a rage, And must I be denied?
 Are these the noble fauours I expected?
 To finde disgrace? and goe away reiected?

Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
 Sute not your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the miserie of my state,
 Which makes my lips to speak they know not what:
 Mistake not him, that onely studies how,

With

With most aduantage still to honour you.

Alas ! what ioyes I euer did receiue

From fortune's buried in Parthenia's graue,

With whom, ere long (nor are my hopes in vaine)

I hope to meete and neuer part againe.

So said, with more then Eaglewinged haft,

She flew into his bosome, and embrac'd

In her clos'd armes, his sorow wasted wast;

Surcharg'd with ioy, she wept, not hauing power

To speake. Haue you beheld an *Aprill* shower

Send downe her hasty bubbles, and then stops,

Then stormes afresh, through whose transparent

The vnobscur'd Lampe of heauen conuaies (drops

The brighter glory of his refulgent rayes:

Euen so, within her blushing cheekes resided;

A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and teares diuided;

So euen diuided; no man could say, whether

She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together,

She held him fast, and like a fainting loue,

Whose passion now had licence to discouer

Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*

Take, take thy owne Parthenia (said she)

Cheare up, my Argalus; these words of mine

Are thy Parthenia's, as Parthenia's thine;

Beleeue it (Loue) these are no false alarmes

Thou hast thine owne Parthenia in thine armes;

Like as a man, whose houely wants implore

Each meales reliefe, trudging from doore to doore,

That heares no dialect from churlish lippes,

But newes of Beadles, and their torturing whips,

Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,

New lost; departs, and, ioyfull beyond measure,

Is so transported, that he scarce beleeues

So.

So great a truth, and what his eye perceiues
 Not daring trust, but feares it is some vision,
 Or flattering dreame, deserving but derision.
 So *Argalus* amazed at the newes,
 Faine would belceue but daring not abuse
 His easie faith too soone; for feare his heart
 Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart
 The truth vnto his fancie by degrees;
 Where stopp'd by passion, falling on his knees,
 He thus began; O you eternall powers
 That haue the guidance of these soules of ours,
 Who by your iust prerogatiue can doe
 What is a sin for man to diue into:
 Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
 For thought: too deepe for man t'enquier, why?
 Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
 Of such a ioy, as I must neuer know
 But in a dreame: Or if a dreame it be,
 O let me neuer wake againe, to see
 My selfe deceiu'd, that am ordain'd t'enioy,
 Are all grieve: and but a dreaming ioy.
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended;
 He blest himselfe, and (with a sigh) unbended
 His aking knees; and rising from the ground,
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found
 The roome auoyded, and himselfe alone;
 The doore halfe clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
 His new distemper'd passion grew extreame;
 I knew, I knew (said he) 'twas but a dreame;
 A minutes ioy, a flash, a flattering bubble
 Blowne by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble;
 Which waking breakes and empties into ayre,
 And breathes into my soule a fresh despaire.

I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dreamie,

Which (waking) makes my wants the more extreame;

I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming ioy,

A blisse, which (waking) I should ne're enioy.

My deare Parthenia tell me, where, O where

Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine eare?

O that my wak'ned fancy had the might

To represent vnto my reall sight

What my deceiued eyes beheld, that I

Might surfet with excesse of ioy, and die.

With that the faire Parthenia (whose desire

Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;

And by a well aduised course to smother

The fury of one passion with another)

Stept in, and said; Then Argalus takethon

Thy true Parthenia: thou dream'st not now;

Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart

The constancy of our diuided heart:

Behold these eyes, that for thy sake haue vented

A world of teares, unpittied, unlamented:

Behold this face, that had, of late, the power

To curse all beauty, yet it selfe, secure:

Witnesse that Tapour, whose prophetick snuffe

Was outed and reuiued with one puffe:

And that my words may whet thy dull belicfe,

'Twas I, that roard beneath the scourge of grieffe,

When thou di'dst curse the darkenesse, for concealing

My face; and then the Tapour for reuealing

So foule a face; 'Twas I, that, ouercome

With violent despaire, stood deafe and dumbe

To all thy vrg'd perswasions: It was I,

That, in thy absence, did resolve to die

A wandring pilgrime, trusting to be led

By fortune, to my death ; and therefore fled :
But see ; the powers above can worke their ends,
In sight of mortalls : and what man intends,
The heauens dispose, and order the euent :
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine owne ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
To faire Queene Hellens Court, not knowing whither
My vnaduised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me ; where, vnknowne to any,
I mourn'd in silence ; though obseru'd by many,
Relieu'd by none. At length they did acquaint
The faire Queene Hellen with my strange complaint,
Whose noble heart did truely sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries :
Who fill'd with pitty, strongly did importune
The woefull cause of my disastrous fortune,
And neuer rested till she did inforce
These lips t' acquaint her with the whole discourse.
Which done, her grations pleasure did command
Her owne Physitian, to whose skilfull hand
She left my foule disease, who in the space
Of twice ten dayes, restor'd me to this face :
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to inquire out
That partie, for whose sake I was contented
T' endure such grieve with patience, vnrepented.
Hoping (since by her meanes and helpe of Art
My face was cur'd) euen so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome messenger return'd
The place of boad, o how my spirit burn'd
To kisse her hands, and so to leaue the Court ;
But she whose fauours did transcend report

As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poore handmaid; till at last, perpending
A louers haste, and freely apprehending
So iust a cause of speed, she soone befriended
My best desiers, and sent me thus attended,
Where (under a false maske) I laid this plot,
To see how soone my Argalus had forgot
His dead Parthenia, but my blessed eare
Hath heard, what few or none must hope to heare:
Now farewell sorrow, and let old despaire
Goe seeke new brests: let mischiese neuer dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus enioy
His true Parthenia; let Parthenia's ioy
Reuine in him: let each be blest in either,
And blest be heauen, that brought vs both together.

With that, the well-nigh broken-hearted
 Rauisht with ouer ioy, did thus discouer (louer,
 His long pent words: *And doe these eyes once more*
Behold what their extreame dispaire gaue or'e
To hope for? Doe these wretched eyes attaine
The happinesse, to see this face againe?
And is there so much happinesse yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t' enioy, what heauen had power to giue?
Breathes my Parthenia? Does Parthenia liue?

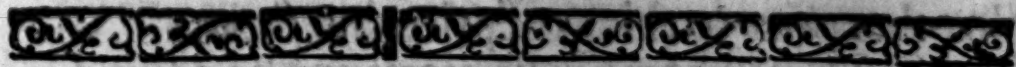
Who euer saw the pole-affecting stone,
 By hidden power, (a power as yet vnknowne
 To our confinde and darkned reason) draw
 The neighb'ring Steele, which by the mutuall law
 Of natures secret working, strives as much
 To be attracted, till they ioyne and touch;
 Euen so these greedy Louers meet, and charmes

Each other strongly in each others armes;
Euen so they meet; and with vnbounded measure
Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
Enioy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leaue them to receiue,
What pleasures new met louers vse to haue,
Readers forbear; and let no wanton eye
Abuse our sceane: Let not the stander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obsceane glosse
Vpon our sober text, and mixe his drosse
With our refined gold, extracting sower:
From sweet, and poyson from so faire a flower
Correct your wandring thoughts; and doe not feare
To thinke the best: Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustfull, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gaine sufficient to resigne
An age of honour, for a night of pleasure;
Whose strength t'endure lust, was the iust measure
Of her adust desire: Yee need not feare
Our priuate Louers, who esteeme lesse deare
Their liues then honours, daring not to doe,
But what vnsham'd the Sun may pry into:

If any itching eares desire to know,
What secret conference past betwixt these two;
To them my muse thus answers; *When your case
Shall proue the like, she wils you to embrace
True honour, as these noble louers did,
And you shall know; Till then you are forbid
To enquire further: Onely this she pleases
To let you vnderstand, that loues diseases
Being thoroughly cured, by their meeting, they
Haue once againe prefixt a *Marriage day*;*

Which

Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
 Readers, she moves your pleasures, to importune
 The better gods, *that they would please t' appay*
Their griefes with ioy, and smile vpon that Day.



ARGALVS

AND

PARTHENIA.

The third Booke.

VHen sturdy *Marches* stormes are ouerblowne
 And *Aprils* gentle show'rs are slidden downe
 To close the wind-chapt earth, succeding *May*
 Enters her month, whose early breaking day
 Calls Ladies from their easie beds to view
 Sweet *Maies* pride, and the discolour'd hiew,
 Of dewy-brested *Flora*, in her bower,
 Where euery hand hath leaue to picke the flower
 Her fancy likes; wherewith, to be possesst,
 Vntill it fade, and wither in her brest.
 Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
 Visits the bancks of his beloued *Isles*;
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
 Their ful mouth'd blasts, that breathles are controld.
 Each one retyres and shrinks into his seat
 And seagreene *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat;
 And thus at length, our *Pinace* is past o're
 The barre, and rides before the *Maiden-Towre*.

Vp, now in earnest (voyagers) and stand yee

On your faint legs. Our *long boat* straight shall land
 Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes (ye,
 From your past dangers to your present prize,
 You traffick not for toys; The gods haue set
 No other price to things of price, but *sweat*.
 Cheare up; call home your hearts and be aduis'd,
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd are as eas'ly pris'd:
 You traffick not for trifles, and your trauell
 Was not to compasse the almightie *granell*
 Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballace your estates;
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honour*; whose poore dates
 Depend on regall smiles; and haue no measures,
 But Monarchs *wils*, expiring with their pleasures:
 'Twas not to conquer Kindomes, or obtaine
 The dangerous title of a *Soueraigne*;
 These are poore things: It is but false discretion
 To toyle, where hopes are sweeter then possession:
 No, we are bound upon more braue aduentures;
True Honour, Vertue, beauty, are the Centers
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts doe tend,
 And heauen hath brought our voyage to an end.

Haile noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboate* stands
 Secure: step forth; spred out thy widened hands,
 And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine armes;
 Strike up (braue spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarmes
 Vpon her melting lips: Take *Toll*, before
 Thou set her dainty foot vpon the shore;
 So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,
 And feele the ground: Then lead her to her rest,
 Goe Imps of honour, let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his beames upon
 Your mariage triumphs; let his western light,
 Decline apace, and make an early Night:

Goe;

Goe, *Turtles*, goe let trebble ioyes beride
The faithfull *Bridegroome*, and his fairest *Bride* :
Let your owne vertues light you to your rest ;
To morrow come we to your nuptiall feast.

By this the curld-pate *Waggoner* of heauen
Had finish'd his diurnall course, and driuen
His panting Steeds a downe the *Westerne hill*,
When siluer *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
Her nightly course, lets fall an euening teare,
To see her brother leaue the *Hemisphere*,
Which, by the ayre dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearlly dew*) vpon the ground :
Still was the night, no language did molest
The waking eare ; All mortals were at rest :
No breath of wind had power to prouoke
The *Aspine* leafe, or vrge the aspiring smoake ;
Sweet was the ayre, and cleare ; no *Starre* was hid ;
No enuious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wilde *Astronomer*, to gaze ; and looke
Into the secrets of his spangled booke
Whil'st round about, in each resounding groue,
(As if the *Choristers* of night had stroue
T'excell) the warbling *Philomele* compares,
And viewes by turnes her *Polyphonian* ayres.

And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to inuite
Nightsrauenous rebels, from their secret holds
To rome, and visite the securer folds,
Whil'st drouzie *Morphus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the *Shepherds* eye-lids, and betrayes
The scatter'd flocks ; which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the *Sun-god* rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empresse* of the night

Had

Had surrendred vp her borrowed light,
 And to the lower world she now retires,
 Attended with her traine of lesser fires,
 And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
 To vsher *Titan* from his purple bed;
 The gray-ey'd *Ianitor* does now begin
 To ope his Easterne portals, and let in
 The new borne *Day*; who hauing lately hurl'd
 The shades of night into the lower world,
 The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does vnfold
 Her purple Curtaines, all befring'd with gold;
 And from the pillow of his *Crociat* bed,
 Don *Phæbus* ronzes his refulgent head;
 That with his all discerning eye suruayes,
 And gilds the mountaines with his morning rayes.
 Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
 Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
 Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
 Shall crowne his heart with ioyes, beyond the
 Of mortall language, whose religious fires (strength
 Shall light those louers to theit wisht desires.

Vp *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptiall weeds.
 T'enioy that ioy, from whence all ioy proceeds:
 Enter those ioyes, from whence all ioy proceeds:
 Vp *Argalus*, and d'on thy nuptiall weeds,
 And thou faire *Bride*, more beautious then the day
 Thy *Day* is come, and *Hymen* cals away;
 Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber;
 Thy *Day* is come: O may thy ioyes out number
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
 Arise, and bid thy maiden bed, adieu;
 Put on thy nuptiall robes; Time cals away:
 O may thy after dayes be like this day.

By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glorie
Had halfe way mounted to the highest storie
Of his Olympicke *Palace*: there to see
This long expected *Dayes* solemnitie:
When all on sudden, there was heard (around
From euery quarter) the Maiestick sound
Of many *Trumpets*: all, in consort running
One point of warre, transcending farre the curning
Of mortall blasts; and what did seeme more strange,
The shrill mouth'd musicke did as sudden change
To *Dorick* straines, to sweet mollitious ayres,
To *Lyrick* songs, and voyces, like to theirs
That charm'd *Vlysses*: whil'st th'amaz'd eare
Stood rauisht at these changes, it might heare
Those voyces, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*
To *Shaulms*, deepe throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And Echo-forcing *Cornets*; which surpast
The Art of man: this *Harmony* did last
Vntill the bridegroome came: But all men wondred
To heare the noyse: Some thought the heauens had
To a new tune; & some more wiser eares (thundred
Conceiu'd, it was the *Musick of the Spheares*:
All wondered, all mengaz'd; and all could heare,
But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where.

Forth with, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
And strove with greater brightnesse, to depose
The glory of the first, the *Bridegroome* came,
Vsher'd along with Eagle-winged *Fame*,
Whose twice fye hundred mouthes did at one blast
Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past:
His nuptiall vesture was of Scarlet *Dye*,
So deepe, as it would dazle a weake eye
To gaxe vpon't; to which, the curious Art

Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising *Sunne*, imboſt with pureſt gold; (downe
From whence ten thousand *trailes* of gold came
In waued points, like *Sun-beames* from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber, miſt the vulgar crowd
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did awaite
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lowder volley of theit ioyes at large:
The hall was ſpacious, lightſome and beſtrow'd
With *Flora's* wealth (a bountie that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) The wals were richly clad
With curious *Tapſtrie* (ſuch as *Greece* ne're had
Before that day (wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colourd ſilkes, and gold,
This preſent ſtory of theſe peerleſſe Louers,
Which, like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcouers
The ſeuerall paſſages, that did befall
Twixt their firſt meeting, and their nuptiall;
Deuiſ'd and wrought by Virgins borne in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a peece
Deuoted to the memorie and fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name
No ſooner was the Ceremonie ended,
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contend'd
T' expreſſe affection, then affect th' expreſſion
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profeſſion
Of ayrie frienſhip) but a ſudden ſhout
Of rudely-mingled voyces flew throughout

The

The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
Ioy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride.

Forthwith (as if that heauens had broken loose,
And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortall tribe
Of men; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nall honour to this nuptiall)
In more then princely state, enters the *Hall*
A glorious show of *Ladies*, all aray'd
In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
With Iems vnualued; and each Lady wore
A Scarfe vpon her arme, embroidered o'er
With *gold* and *pearle*; Thus hand in hand they past
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
A backward looke, as if their thoughts did minde
Some greater glory, comming on behinde:

Next after them, came in the *virgin crew*
In milke white robes (virgins that neuer knew
The sacred mysteries of the mariage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*
Ere lent a thought to nuptiall ioyes, till now)
Thus past these *buds* of nature; two, by two,
Their long dissheueld *tresses* dangled downe
With carelesse Art, and on each head a crowne
Of golden *Laurell* stood: Their faces shrowded
Beneath a *vaile*, seem'd as the starres were clouded.

Haue ye beheld in frosty winters Euen,
When all the lesser twinkling *lamps* of heauen
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
She views the *Throne* of darknesse, and aspires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?
So after all these *sparkes* of beauty, came

(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
 The fayre *Parthenia* : Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
 Enters the roome ; A milke white *vayle* did hide
 Her blushing face ; which, nere the lesse discloses
 Some glymps of red, like *Lavne* ore-spredding *roses* ;
 Thus entred she ; the garments that she wore,
 Were made of *Purple silke*, bespangled o're
 With *Starres* of purest gold, and round about
 Each severall *Starre* went winding in, and out,
 A *trayle* of orient pearle, so rarely wrought, (thought
 That as the garments moou'd, you would haue
 The *Starres* had twinckled ; Her dissheueld hayre
 Hung downe behind, as if the onely care
 Had bin to reconcile *neglect* and *Art*,
 Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
 Of those her sky-resembling *robes* ; but so,
 That euery breath would waue it too and fro,
 Like flying clouds, through w^{ch}, you might discover
 Sometimes one glim'ring *Starre*, somtimes another
 Thus on she went ; her ample traine supported
 By thrice three virgins, euently siz'd and sorted
 In purple robes : forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
 From off his chaire ; bowes downe ; and sacrifices
 The peacefull offering of a morning kisse,
 Vpon her lips : To such a Saint as this,
 O, what rebellious heart could choose but bowe,
 And offer freely the perpetuall vowe
 Of choyce obedience ?

With that, each Noble moues him from his place
 And with posture, ful of princely grace,
 Salutes the louely *Bride*, with words, expressing
 The ioyfull modell of a kingdomes blessing.

But harke ! The *Hymenean trumpet* sends

Her

Her latest summons forth : *Hymen* attends
The noble payre , and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands ; the sacred *Altars* smoake
With *Mirr*h and *Frankinsence*, the wayes are strowd
With *Floras* pride ; and the expecting crowd
Haue throng'd the streets, and euery greedy eye
Attends, to see the *Triumph* passing by :

At length, the gates flew open : on this fashion
Began the tryumph : first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voyce : *If any be,*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatsoere degree,
Professing armes or honour in the land,
That at this time, can challenge, or pretend
A title to Parthenias heart, or claime
A right, or interest in her loue, or name ;
Let him come forth in person, or appeare
By noble Proxy, if not present here ;
And by the exc'lent honour of a Knight,
He shall receiue such honourable right
As the iust sword can giue ; Let him now come
And speake ; or, else, for euermore be dumme.

Thrice was it read, which done, forthwith there
True honours Eaglewinged Herauld, Fame, (came
Sounding a siluer trump ; and as she past,
She shooke the earths foundation, with her blast :

Next after whom in vndissembled state
The Bridegroom came : on his right hand did wait
The god of warre in martiall robes of greene,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had beene
But newly wounded, and from euery wound,
Fresh bloud did seeme to trickle on the ground ;
And as the garments moou'd, each dying heart
Would seeme to paint a while, and then depart :

Vpon the *Bridegroomes* left hand there attended
Heauens Pursuiuant, whose brawny arme extended
A winged *Caduce*; He had scarce the might
To curbe hi. feet; his feet were wing'd for flight:
Aboue his head their hands did ioyntly hold
A crimzon *Canopie* embost with gold.

Next them, twice twenty famous nobles follow'd
Braue men at armes, whose *names* the world had hal.
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (*low'd*
Whose bloods had ransom'd, & redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle worke*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinkes hee doth behold
Armours of steele, faire filletted with gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did aduance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.

And after these, the Princely *virgin-bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastned, did diuide
Her gentle paces, being led betweene
Two *Goddesses*, the one arrai'd in greene,
On which the curious *needle* vndertooke
To make a forest: here, a bubling brooke
Diuides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The singled *Deere*, before the deepe-mouth'd Cric,
That closely followes: There, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the musicke, and afeard
Of euery shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to goe;
Where, in a *Launskip*, you may see the *Faunes*
Following their crying mothers o're the *Lawnes*
The other was in robes, the purer dye
Whereof, did represent the midday sky
Full of *blacke clouds*; through w^{ch}, the glorious beams
Of

Of the victorious *Sun* appeares, and seemes
As'twere to scatter ; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitfull bed
Of noisome weeds, from whence, you might discern
A thousand painfull *Bees* extract and earne
Their sweet prouision ; and, with laden thighes,
To beare their waxy burthens : On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Acteons* brow
Reueng'd her naked chastity ; the other
Was she, to whom *Ioues* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcans* helpe ; and these did ioyntly hold
Vpon her head, a *Coronet* of gold ;
Whose traine *Dianas* virgin crew, all crown'd
With golden wreathes, supported from the ground

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And styl'd the *Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And euery spot appeared as a staine
Of louers blood, whom their coy hearts had slaine ;
Ranckt three, and three, and on each head a crowne
Of *Primeroses* and *Roses* not yet blowne.

Next whom, the beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two, and two, whose glory cam not short
Of what th' unlimited, and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities ; where euery one
Stroue to excell and to b' excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple* ; where attended
The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
The dayes successe to heaven, and did diuide
A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroome*, and the *Bride* :

Which

Which done; and after low obeysance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said;

*Welcome to Iuno's sacred Courts; Draw neare:
Vnspotted Louers, welcome: Doe not feare
To touch this holy ground; Passe on secure;
Our gates stand open to such guests, as you are;
Our gracious Goddesse grants you your desires
And hath accepted of those holy fires,
We offered in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crownes your vows, and smiles vpon this day.*

So said; they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves; that done, they singled from the rest
The noble Bridegroome, and his princely Bride,
And said; *Our gracious goddesse be our guide,
As we are yours;* and as they spake that word,
Their well-tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With Musick from the Altar: As a long
They past, they ioyntly warbled out this song:

T*Hus in Pompe and Priestly pride,
To glorious Iuno's Alter goe we;
Thusto Iuno's Alter show we
The noble Bridegroome and his Bride:
Let Iuno's houely blessing send ye
As much ioy as can attend ye:*

*May these louers neuer want
True ioyes, nor euer beg in vaine
Their choice desires; but obtaine
What they can wish, or she can grant.
Let Iuno's houely blessing send ye
As much ioy as can attend yee.*

From

*From satietie, from strife,
From lealousies, domestic iars,
From those blowes, that leaue no scars,
Iuno protect your mariage life,
Let Iuno's hourelly blessing send ye
As much ioy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymens sacred bands
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as Iuno link'd your hearts,
So he would please to ioyne your hands;
And let both their blessings send ye
As much ioy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptiall Caroll ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This princely paire (both prostrate on the floore)
And with their hands presented them before
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milke white *Turtles*; & with prayers, besought
That *Iuno's* lasting fauours would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that, a horrid cracke of dreadfull thunder
Possess'd each trembling heart, with feare and wonder
The rafters of the holy temple shooke,
As if accursed *Archimagoes* booke
(That cursed Legion) had beene newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a mist ore-spread
The darkned *Altar*.

At length, deepe silence did possesse and fill
The spacious *Temple*: all was whist and still;
When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the sound
Of heavenly *Musicke*, such as would confound

P

With

With death, or raiuishment the earth-bred eare,
 Had not the *Goddesse* giuen it strength, to beare
 So strong a rapture. As the *Musicke* ended,
 The *Mist* on sudden vanisht, and ascended
 From whence it came. The *Altar* did appeare,
 And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
 Neere which, great *Hymen* stood, not seene before,
 His purple *Mantle* was embroidred o're
 With *Crownes* of *Thorne*, 'mongst which you might
 Some, here and there (but very few) of gold; (behold
 Vpon each little space, that did diuide
 The feuerall crownes, a *Gordian* knot was tied
 And, turning to the *Priest*, he thus began;

*What meane these fumes? Say, what hath mortall man
 To doe with vs? What great request, what suit
 Does now attend vs, that they thus salute
 Our nostrills, with such acceptable fauours?
 Tell vs, wherein doe they implore the fauours
 Of the pleas'd gods; for by th' eternall throne
 And maiesty of heauen, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;
 Great God, this noble Bridegroom, and his Bride
 Whom we, most humbly here, present before
 Great Iuno's sacred altar, doe implore
 Your gracious aide: that with your nuptiall bands,
 Your Grace would please to tie their promist hands.

With that, he straight descends the holy stayres.
 And with his widened armes diuides and shares
 Anequall blessing twixt them both, and said;

Noble Youth, and louely Maide,
 Heauen accepts your pleasing fires,
 And hath granted your desires:
 By the mystery of our power,

First

*First, we consecrate this hower
To Iuno's name, that she would blesse
Our prosprous actions with sucresse.
With this Oyle (which we appoint
For holy uses) we annoint
Your temples, and with nuptiall bands :
Thus we firmly ioyne your hands :
Be ioynd for euer : and let none
Presume t'undo, what we haue done ;
Be ioynd, till lawlesse Death shall seuer
Both hands and hearts : Be ioynd for euer :
Eternall curses we alot
To those, till then shall loose this knot,
So said, he blest them both in Iuno's name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame,
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking altar : Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where sending forth the well accepted sound
Of thanks and voves, from their diuided heart,
They kisse the sacred Altar, and depart ;
And, with the selfe same Triumph as they came,
Returned ; whil'st the louder Trumpe of Fame
With a full blast, sends forth a shrill retreate,
And reconducts them to the Hall of State,
Whose richly furnisht table would inuite
A bed-rid stomach to an Appetite,
And make the wastfull Glutton, that does eate
His vnearn'd diet with his daily sweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Then he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith ; such were the dainties, such
The vyands, that I dare not thinke too much*

To tearme it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid:
Soone as the *Martial* of this princely feast
Had in his rightfull seate, plac'd euery guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing diuine.

Forthwith; with ioyned hands, and smiling faces
With habits more unequall then their paces
A iolly paire drew neare the table; th' one
In greene; His pamper'd body had outgrowne
His seame-ript garments, all embroyder'd ouer
With spreading Vines, whose fruitfull leaues did co-
Their swelling Clusters; his out strutting eyes (uer
Star'd in his head: his dropsie swollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd snout
Was deeply furnisht, and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his browes did twine
Full laden Clusters, rauisht from the *Vine*:

The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd vpon:
The colour of her silken *mantle* was
Twixt greene and yellow, like the faded grasse:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of *Corne*,
Some reap'd, some boūd in sheaues, & some unshorn
Wel fauour'd was her count'nance, plump & round;
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground;
Her temples bound with full ripe eares of *wheate*,
Wreath'd like a *Girland*: frequent drops of sweat
Downe from her swarty browes did flily trickle;
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *sickle*:
Thus vs herd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet vnable
To challenge language from his breathlesse tongue,

Till

Till smiling Ceres thus began the song.

VV Elsome fairest virgin-Bride :
Welcome to our iolly feast ;

Taste what Ceres did provide
For so faire, so faire a guest.

Bacch. Taste what Bacchus did provide
For so faire, so faire a guest :

Welcome fairest virgin-Bride
Welcome to our iolly feast.

Chor. Our conioyned bounties doe
Make Mars smile and Venus too.

Ceres. Welcome noble Bride-groome hither ;
Worlds of blisse and ioy attends ye :
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres bounty sends ye.

Bacch. Freely welcome both together,
See what Bacchus bounty sends ye :
Welcome noble Bride-groome hither,
Worlds of blisse and ioy attends ye.

Chor. Our conioyned bounties doe
Make Mars smile and Venus too.

Ceres. Here is that whose sweet varietie
Gives you pleasure and delight ;
Makes you full without satietie ;
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. This will rouse the man of warre,
When the Drum shall beate in vaine,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise againe.

Chor. You that ioyntly doe inherit
Venus beautie, Mars his spirit,
Freely taste our bounty ; so
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The song thus ended ; ioyning hands together,
 They bow'd; & vanisht, none knew how nor,
 To make relation of each quaint deuise, (whither
 That Art presented their vnwearied eyes;
 The nature of their mirth, of their discourse;
 The dainties of the first, the second course;
 The secret glances of the *Bridegroomes* eye
 On his faire *Bride*; how oft she blusht, and why;
 Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
 Who counts each houre a Summers day, till night.
 Me thinkes it grieues me, that my pen should wrong
 Poore Louers disappointed hopes so long;
 And it repents me so, that oftentimes
 Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
 And for the cruell sins that they commit
 In being tedious, some I wish vnwrit:
 Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
 What state; or what, to please the appetite,
 The eye, the eare, the fancy; In a word
 What ioy so short a season could afford
 To well prepared hearts, was here exprest
 In this our Nuptiall, this our Princely feast.

Thus when the board was voided and the *Sewer*
 Had now resign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
 The curious linnen gone: and all the rights
 Perform'd, that 'long to festiuall delights;
 The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall
 Holds forth his *Caduce*, and adiures them all
 To depth of silence; Tells them; 'tis his taske
 To let them know, the Gods intend a *Maske*,
 To gracc these nuptialls; and with that, he spred
 His ayre-diuiding pinions, and fled:

When silence thus had charmed every eare.

With

The
Masque of
the Gods.

*With wonder, and attention; they might heare
The winged Quiristers of night, about
In euery corner, sweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian ayres, and wilder note,
Which nature taught them to diuide, by rote;
So that the Hall did seeme a shady groue,
Wherein by turnes, th' ambitious Quire stroue
T' excell themselves:*

*While thus their eares were feeding with delight
Vpon these straines; the Goddesse of the night,
Enters her Sceane; her body was confin'd
Within a coale black Mantle, thorow linde
With sable Furres; her tresses were of hiew
Like Ebonie; on which a Pearely dewe
Hung, like a spiders Web; Her face did shrowd
A swarth Complexion, underneath a cloud
Of black curld Cypresse: On her head, she wore
A Crowne of burnisht Gold, beshaded o're
With Foggs and rory mist; Her hand did beare
A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere;
She sternely shooke her dewy lockes, and brake
A melancholy smile and thus bespake;*

*Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) Let slippe
Your looser reines, and vse thine idle whippe;
Thy pamperd Steeds are pursie, drive away,
The lower world thinkes long to see the day;
Darkenesse befits vs best; and our delight
Will relish farre more sweeter in the night;
Approach (ye blessed shaddowes) and extend
Your early iurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly sports; Approach, make no delay
It is your Queene, your soueraigne calls, away.*

With that, a sudden darkenesse fill'd the Hall;

The

The light was banisht, and the windowes all
 So neerely clos'd their eye-lids round about,
 That day could not get in, nor darknes out:
 Thus while the death resembling shades of night
 Had drawne their misty Curtaines twixt the light
 And euery darkned eye, which was denide
 To see, but that, which darknesse could not hide;
 The iealous God, fearing he knowes not whom,
 (Indeed whom feares he not?) enters the roome,
 And with his club-foot groping in the shade
 Of night, he mutterd forth these words, and said;

Vulcans
 speech.

Where is this wanton Harlot now become?
 Is light so odious to her? or is home
 So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
 Must still be rambling, where vnknowne to me?
 Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
 But intermedling *Venus* must be one:
 Is't not enough that *Phæbus* does applaud
 Her lust, but must *Nights* goddesse be her baud?
 Darknesse be gone, thou patronesse to Lust;
 If faire meanes may not rid thee, fouler must:
 Away; my power shall outcharme thy charmes,
 I'll finde her panting in her louers armes.
 Enter you *Lampets* of terrestriall fire,
 And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
 To counterfeit a day, and on the night
 Reuenge the wrongs of *Phæbus*, with your light:
 So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
 With lighted Tapors; Euery obiekt found
 An eye to owne it, and each eye was fill'd
 With pleasure, in the obiekt it beheld.

As these deuisefull changes did incite
 Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,

Morpheus

Morpheus came in ; His dreaming pace was so ;
 That none could say he moon'd, he moon'd so slow ;
 His folded armes, athwart his brest, did knit
 A sluggards knot, his nodding chinne did hit
 Against his panting bosome, as he past ;
 And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast ;
 He wore a crowne of Poppie on his head ;
 And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead ;
 He yawned thrice, and after homage done
 To Nights black soveraigne, he thus begun :

Great Emperresse of the world : to whom I owe
 My selfe, my service, by perpetuall vow ;
 Before the footstool of whose dreadfull throne,
 The princes of this lower world lay downe
 Their crownes, their scepters ; whose victorious hand,
 In twice twelue houres did conquer and command
 This Globe of earth, your seruant (whose dependance
 Quickens his powre) comes to giue attendance
 Vpon thy early shadowes, and to seize
 Vpon these wearied mortals, when you please
 T'appoint ; till then, your seruant is at hand,
 To put in execution your command :

To whom the smiling Goddesse thus replide :

Morpheus, Our pleasure is, to set aside
 This night to mirth, and time-beguiling sports ;
 Our sleepe-restraining buisnesse much imports
 Your welcome absence, whilst our eares shall number
 The flying houres : our mirth admits no slumber :
 That word scarce ended, but the Queene of Loue
 Descended from her vnscene seat, aboue :
 In her faire hand she led her winged Son,
 And, like a full mouth'd tempest, thus began :
 Disloyall Sycophant, Deaths bastard brother,

Morpheus
 speech.

The God-
 desse of the
 Nights
 speech.

Venus
speech to
Morpheus.

Accursed spaune, cast from as curs'd a Mother;
That, with thy base impostures, riflest man
Of halfe his daies, of halfe that little spanne,
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles,
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles;
What mak'st thou here, and to vsurpe my right,
Perfideous *Caitife*? *Venus* day is night:
Goe to the frozen world, where mans desire
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne're the warmer: Goe, and visit fooles,
Or Plegmatick old age, whose spirit cooles
As quickly as their breath: Goe, what haue we
To doe (dull *Morpheus*) with thy *Mace*, or thee
As leaden as thy *Mace*? Th'art made for nought,
But to still Children, or to ease the thought
Of brain-sick *Phranticks*; or, with ioyes, to flatter
Poore slumbring soules, which wak'd, finde no such
Goe succour those, that vent by quick retaile (mater:
Their wits, vpon deare penny-worths of *Ale*:
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
Wants meanes to flake the fury' of their false fire:
O that I were a *Basiliske*, that I
Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.
Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
Drawne to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie *Deaths* arrow, or if thou hast none,
In *Deaths* name send an arrow of thine owne;
We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree,
Shoot then, at once, reuenge thy selfe and me.

*With that the little angry god did bend
His steelen bow, and in Deaths name did send
His winged messenger, whose faithfull haste
Dispatcht his irefull errand; and stucke fast*

Within

*Within his pierced linor, and did hide
His singing feathers in his wounded side.
Morpheus fell downe, as dead, and on the ground
Lay for a little season in a swoond,
Gasping for breath. And Louers dreames (they say)
Haue euermore beene wanton since that day :
Venus was pleas'd : The Goddesse of the night
Grew angry ; she would needs resigne her right
Of gouernment, and in a spleene, threw downe
Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crowne,
And, with a duskie fogge, she did besmeare
The face of Venus, soild her golden haire
With her blacke shades, and with foule tearmes reuil'd
Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard childe ;
Whereat the God of warre, being much offended,
Forsooke both seat and patience, and descended ;
And, to the world, he profer'd to make good
Faire Venus honour, with his dearest blood :
To whom poore Vulcan (puffing in a rage,
To heare his well knowne fortune on the stage)
Scral'd many a thanke ; and with his crouching knee
Profest true loue to such true friends, as he.
And euer since, experience lets vs know,
Cuckolds are kind to such as make them so :
By this, god Morpheus making from his swoond,
Beganne to groane ; and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buryed shaft ; but Mars (whose word
Admits no other second, but his sword)
Vnsheath'd his furious brodyron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus head, which had well-nye
Clouen him in twaine, had not the queene of night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight :
So that the sword, by a false guided ayme,*

Struck Vulcans foot, which euer since was lame:
 At last, the gods came downe, and thought it good,
 To nippe this earely quarrell in the bud;
 Who fearing vprores, with a friendly cup
 Of blest Nepenthè, tooke the quarrell vp;
 And, for th' offence committed, did proclaime
 This sentence, in offended Iuno's name.

The sen-
 tence.

Morpheus, from hence, is banisht, for this night;
 And not t'approach before the morning light

Mars is exile for euer, as a guest
 Adiudg'd vnfitting for a mariage feast.
 Cupid is doom'd to rome and roue about
 To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
 Venus is censur'd to perpetuall night,
 And not (vnlesse by stealth) to see the light:
 Her chiefeft ioy to be but pleasing folly,
 Perform'd with madnes, dogd with melancholy.

And there the Musicke did inuite their paces
 To measure time, and by exchange of places
 To lead the curious beholder seye

A willing captiue to varietie.

Thus, with the sweet vicissitude of mirth
 They spent the time, as if that heauen and earth
 Had studied to please man, in such a measure,
 That Arte could not doe more, t'augment their pleasure:
 And so they vanish.

Now Ceres euening bountie reinuites
 Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights;
 And frolicke Bacchus, to refresh their soules,
 With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowles.
 Wine came vnwisht like water from a fourse,
 And delicates were mingled with discourse:
 What Art could doe, to make a welcome guest

Was

Was liberally presented at that feast:

It was no sooner ended, but appeares
An old gray Pilgrime deeply struck in yeares,
In tatterd garments; In his wrinkled hand
An houre-glasse, laboring with her latest sand;
Beneath his arme, a buffen Knapfacke hung
Stuft full of *writings*, in an vnknowne tongue,
Chronologies, outdated *Almanackes*,
And *Patents*, that had long suruiu'd their waxe:
Vnto his shoulders *Eagles-wings* were ioyn'd;
His head ill thatcht before, but bal'd behinde:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said;

*Mortals, 'tis out, my glasse is runne,
And with it, the day is done:*

*Darke shadowes haue expell'd the light,
And my glasse is turn'd for night:*

*The Queene of darkenesse bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day:*

Vpon the day, such ioyes attend:

With the day such ioyes must end.

Thinke not, Darkenesse goes about,

Like death, to pusse your pleasures out:

No, no, shee'll lend you new delights,

She hath pleasure for the nights:

When as her shadowes shall benight ye,

She hath what shall still delight ye:

Aged time shall make it knowne,

She hath dainties of her owne:

'Tis very late, away, away,

Let day sports expire with day:

For this time, we adiourne your feast;

The Bridegroome faine would be at rest:

*And if night pastimes shall displease ye,
Day will quickly come, and ease yee.*

With that, a sweet vermillian tincture stayn'd
The *Brides* faire cheekes; The more that she restray'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did ouerflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drowne that world of *beauty* in her face:
She blusht; (but knew not why) And, like the *Moone*,
She look'd most red, vpon her going downe.

But see: the smiling Ladies doe begin
To ioyne their whispring heads, as there had beene
A plot of treason: till at length, vnspide,
They stole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride*:
Their busie hands disrob'd her, and so led
The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptiall* bed.

By this, the *Nobles* hauing recommended
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended,
They look'd about, and thinking to haue done
Their seruice to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone:
And now the *Bridegroom* (vnto whom delay
Seem'd worse then death) could brook no longer stay:
Attended by his noble guests, he enters
That roome, where th'enterchangeable *Indenters*
Of dearest loue, lay ready to be seal'd
With mutuall pleasures, not to be reueald.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be borne) do ouerfraight
His weary shoulders; *Atlas* neuer stoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt;
No helpe was wanting, for he did receiue
What sudden ayde he could expect, or haue
From speedy hands, from hands that did not wast

The

The time, vnlesse (perchance) by ouer haste;
Meane while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong,
As sweet, presents this *Epithalamion* song.

Man of warre, march brauely on,
The field's not easie to be wonne;
There's no danger in that warre,
Where lips both swords and bucklers are.

Here's no cold to chill thee;

A bed of downe's thy field:

Here's no sword to kill thee,

Vnlesse thou please to yeeld;

Here is nothing will incumber,

Here wil be no scars to number.

These be warres of Cupids making,
These be warres will keepe you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Call your forces hence, away.

These be warres that make no spoyle,

Death shoots his shafts in vaine;

Though the souldier get a foyle,

He will rouse and fight againe.

These be warres that neuer cease,

But conclude a mutuell peace,

Let benigne and prosp'rous starres,

Breathe successe vpon these warres,

And when thrice three monts be runne,

Be thou father of a sonne;

A son, that may deriue from thee:

The honour of true merit,

And may to ages, yet to be,

Conuay thy blood, thy spirit;

Making the glory of his fame

Perpetuate, and crowne thy name,

And

*And giue it life in spite of death,
When fame shal want both trump & breath.*

Haue you beheld in a faire summers euen,
The golden-headed Charettor of heauen,
With what a speede his prouder reines doe bend
His panting horses to their iournies end?
How red he lookes, with what a swift careire
Hee hurries to the lower Hemisphere:
And in a moment shootes his golden head
Vpon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed:
Euen so the Bridegroome (whose desire had wings
More swift thē *time*, switcht on with pleasure) springs
Into his nuptiall bed; and looke how fast
The stooping Faulkon clips; and, with what haste,
Her talions seize vpon the timorous prey,
Euen so his armes (impatient of delay)
His circling armes embrac'd his blushing Bride,
While she (poore soule) lay trembling by his side.

The Bridegroome now growes weary of his guests:
What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
His tyred patience: Too much sweet offends;
Sometime to be forsaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* morals, is obseru'd to be
The wits of friendship, in the best degree.
And thus, at last, the eurtaines being clos'd,
They left them, each in others armes repos'd.

*And here my Muse bids draw our curtaines too
Tis vnfit to see what private Louers doe.
Reader let not thy thoughts grow ouer rancke,
But vaille thy vnderstanding with a Blanke.
Thinke not on what thou thinkest: and, if thou canst
Yet vnderstand not, what thou vnderstandst.
Sow not thy fruitfull heart with so poore seeds:*

Or if, perchance, (unsowne) they spring like weeds,
Use them like weeds, thou knowst not how to kill:
Sleight them, and let them thrive against thy will.
View them like euills, that Art cannot preuent,
But see, thou take no pleasure in their sent.
And one thing more: When as the morrow light
Shall bring the bashfull Bride into thy sight,
Be not too cruell: Let no wanton eye
Disturbe, and wrong her conscious modesty:
And if she blush, examine not for what,
Nay though thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here?
Or want a period, till another yeare?
Shall we befriend these louers, with the night,
And leaue them buried in their owne delight?
And so conclude? No, it shall ne're be sed,
That mariage ioyes end in the mariage bed:
Fond and adulterate is that loue, which founds
Her happinesse on such vnstable grounds;
And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wasts.

Now *Argalus* awakes; and now the light
Is euen as welcome to him, as the night:
His eyes are fixt vpon his louely *Bride*,
While shee lyes sweetly slumbring by his side:
Shee sleepest, he viewes her, Thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent,
Sometimes his lips, with a stolne kisse would greet
Her guiltlesse lips; (*They say stolne goods are sweet*)
At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheekes
In his warme bosome, where she safely seekes
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should fly
The guilt of her protected modesty,

R

He

He smiles, and whispers in her deafned eare;
 (*Women can vnderstand, and yet not heare*)
 He speakes, but she (euē whilst his lips were breaking
 Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.

When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worne
 The rare solemnities, that did adorne
 These princely nuptialls, and had made report
 Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
 The *Bridegroom*, whose endeouours were addrest,
 To practise what might please his faire *Bride* best,
 Resolu'd to leaue *Kalanders* house, and crowne
Parthenia sole Commandresse of her owne:
 Long was it, ere *Kalanders* liberall eare
 Could be vnlockt; It had no power to heare
 The word *Farewell*: Still *Argalus* entreated,
 And fram'd excuses; which he soone defeated:
 But as the stout *Alcides* did cashiere
 One rising head, another would appeare,
 Euen so, whilst his ingenious loue did smother
 One cause of parting, he would finde another.

Kalander thus at last, (being overwrought
 With words, which importunitie had taught
 Inexorable *Argalus*) was faine
 To yeeld, what he so long gain-said, in vaine:
 Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must goe,
 But yet *Kalander* must not leaue them so;
 There is no parting, till the aged fire
 Shall warme his fingers by *Partheniaes* fire:
Parthenia sues, *Kalander* must not rest
 Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titans* earely ray
 Had giuen faire earnest of a fairer day;
 And, with his trembling beames, had repossess

The

The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalanders Castle*; and that night
Arriu'd they at the *Pallace of delights*:
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seate,
Well chosen; not capatious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertaine
A potent Prince with all his princely traine;
It seem'd a *Center* to a *Parke*, well stor'd
With *Deere*, whose well-thriuen bounty did afford
Continuall pleasure, and delight; nay what
That Earth calls good, this *Seat* afforded not:
Th'impatient *Falkner* here may learne to say
Forgotten pray'rs, and blesse him euery day.
The patient *Angler*, here, may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may sweare, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking *Fowler*, may goe boldly on,
And ne're want sport vntill his powder's done:
And to conelude, there was no stint, no measure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleasure:
Thither this night the nuptiall troope is gone;
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her owne:
But would you heare what entertainment past?
Conceiue it rather; for my quill would waste
Th'vnthrining stocke of my bespoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with rime:
But that which most did season, and imbellish
Their choice delights, and gaue the truest relish
To their best mirth, and pleasures; was, to see
With what a sweet coniugiall harmonic
All things were caryed: Euery word did proue
To adde some acquisition to their loue:
So one they were, that none could iustly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey;

He rul'd; because she would obey; and she,
 In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
 What pleased him, would need no other cause
 To please her too, but onely his applause;
 A happy paire whose double life, but one,
 Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th' vnconstant Lady of the night
 Had chang'd her sharp'ned horns, for an orbe of light
Kalander (whose occasions grew too strong,
 And may not be dispenc'd withall too long)
 Takes leaue, and (being equall heavy hearted
 With sad *Parthenia* for his hast) departed:
 But *Argalus* (who neuer yet could owne
 Himselfe with more aduantage then alone)
 And faire *Parthenia* (whose well pleas'd desire
 Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)
 Need not the helpe of any, to augment
 The better ioyes of their retir'd content
 Sometimes the curious garden would inuite
 Their gentle paces to her proud delight; (pleasure,
 Sometimes the welstor'd *Parke* would change their
 And tender to her view, her light foot treasure;
 Where th' vnmoled *Herd* would seeme to stand,
 And craue a death at faire *Parthenia's* hand: (*Tower*,
 Sometime their steps would climbe th' ambitious
 From whose aspiring top they might discouer
 A little commonwealth of land, which none,
 But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his owne:
 Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
 Selected stories, whilst her cares would feed
 Vpon his lips, and now and then a kisse,
 Would interpose, like a *Parentthesis*
 Betweene their semicircled armes, enclos'd;

(O what dull spirit could be indispos'd
To read such lines) and whilst vpon the booke
His eyes were fix'd, her pleased eyes would looke
Vpon the gracefull Reader, and espie
A story farre more pleasing in his eye.

Vpon a day, as they were closely seated,
Her eares attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd aduentures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray
A hast too serious, to admit delay;
His hand presents him letters which did bring
Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose and stept aside;
Her thoughts were troubled; euer as she eyed
The messenger, her colour comes and goes;
Parthenia feares; and yet *Parthenia* knowes
Not what to feare; Her iealous heart knowes how
To feare an euill, because it feares to know;
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Vpon his eye, which seem'd to stroue betwixt
A thousand thwarting passions: Once he cast
His eyes on her, and finding hers so fast
On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht-together,
Because they blusht for what, vnknowne to either,
The letter being read (and hauing kist
Basilus name) he speedily dismiss
The messenger; with promise to obey
Basilus iust commands, without delay
That done; he tooke *Parthenia*, by the hand,
His deare *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand;
And to her greedy eye he straight presents
The Paper, ballad'd with it's sad contents:

Partbenia, with a fearefull slownesse rooke it,
 And with a fearefull hast did overlooke it:
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signes
 Of what she fear'd too soone, she read these lines.

Basilus Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
 Of great Amphialus, makes the trumpe of Fame
 Breathe nothing but his conquests and renowne;
 Whose lawlesse actions fortune strins to crowne
 (In spite of Iustice) with a victors merit,
 Respecting more the greatnesse of his spirit,
 Then iustnesse of his cause, to the dishonour
 Of vertue, and all such as wait vpon her:
 And furthermore; whereas his power is knowne
 T'oppugne the welfare of our State and Crowne,
 With strong rebellion, to the high aduancement
 Of his disloyall glory, and inhancement
 Of his perfidious name, the great increase
 Of factions; and disturbance of our peace:
 Likewise, whereas his high preuailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne're be equall'd yet, much lesse o'recome,
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home
 The spoyle of our lost honour, to the same
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame.
 We therefore in our Princely care, perpending
 The serious premises, and much depending
 On your knowne courage, haue selected you
 To stand our Champion royall, and renew
 Our wasted honour, with your sword and launce,
 In equall Duell; Thus you shall aduance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name

With

With the brave purchase of eternall fame :
In this you shall revine our dying glory,
And line the subiect of this ages story,
(Which shall be read till time shall haue an end)
And tye Basilus your perpetuall friend.

To our right trusty and noble
kinsman Argalus.

But as she read, her teares did trickle downe
Vpon the lines, as if they meant to drowne
Th'vnwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Ah me (my Argalus) was't this you made
Such hast to answer? did that answer need
To be returned with so great a speed?
Can you, oh can you be so quickly won
To leaue your poore Parthenia, and be gon?

To whom resolved Argalus (whose eye
Was fixt vpon his honour) made replic;
My deare Parthenia, were it to obtaine
The vnsumm'd wealth of Pluto; or to gaine
The soueraintie of the earth, without expence
Of blood or sweate, without the least pretense
Of danger, my ambition would despise
The easie conquest of so great a prize,
If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
The poorest teare that trickles from thine eye.

But to recall my promise, or forsake
That resolution honour bids me make
In this behalfe, or to betray that trust
Repos'd in me, the gods would be vniust,
(And not themselves) if they should but command
Or urge me, with an ouerswaying hand:
My deare Parthenia; Let no false suggestion
Abuse thy passion, or presume to question

*My dearest loue : Though honour bids vs part,
Yet honour cannot robbe thee, of my heart :
Honour, that calls me with her loud alarmes,
Will bring me back, with Triumph, to thine armes:*

So said; the sad *Parthenia* (whose teares
Are turnd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language : *Griefes* that are but small,
Can speake, when great ones cannot vent at all :
But tender hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such silence speakes too loud) forsooke the roome :
And, with a brest, as full of pensive care,
As honour, gaue directions to prepare
His warlike *Steed*, his *Martiall* attire,
And all things, such imployment does require,

*And here O thou, thou great supream protectresse
Of bolder spirits, and the sole directresse
Of lofty flying quills, which shall deriue
To after times, what glorious swords atchine :
And mak'st the actions of heroick spirits
Perpetuate, and crowne their names, their merits:
Illustrious Clio : Aide me, and inspire
My ragged rimes, with thy diuiner fire :
Teach me to raise my stile, and to attaine
A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar straine :
Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing :
And let my Inke be blood : that I may sing
Death to the life : let him, that reads, expound
Each dash, a sword, and enery word, a wound,*

By this, the *Champion* royall had put on
His martiall weeds : but hasting to be gone,
The poore *Parthenia*, whose cold fit past
(Like those in *Agues*) now does burne as fast:
She leaues the louely roome, & comming out

She

She finds her *Argalus*, enclosed about
With glittering walls of Steele, apparell'd round
In his bright armes, (whom she had rather found
Lockt vp in her's) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poore soule) allow;
Without a sea of teares, her last farewell,
She ranne unto him, wept, and, weeping fell
Vpon her knees; she claspt him by the arme,
And looking vp, she thus began to charme,
My Argalus, my Argalus : my deare,
And wilt thou goe, and leaue Parthenia here ?
Wilt thou forsake me then ? And can these teares
Not intercede betwixt thy deasned cares,
And my sad suit ? Canst thou, O canst thou goe,
And leaue thy poore distrest Parthenia so ?
Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore ;
Parthenia begges, that neuer begg'd before ;
Remember, O remember you are, now,
Vnder the power of a sacred vow :
Honour must stoope to voves, which once being crackt,
You cannot doe an honourable act :
I haue a right vnto you ; you are mine ;
I haue that interest which Ile ne're resigne,
Till death : Ile neuer hazard to forgoe
My whole estate of happinesse, at one throw :
No, no, I will not : I will hold thee fast
In spight of honour and her nine dayes blast ;
Your former acts haue giuen sufficient prooffe
To the wide world ; your valour's knowne enough
Without a further tryall : There's enow
To lose their lines (lesse worthy) besides you ;
'Twas then a time for armes, when you had none
None other life to venture ; but your owne ;

Excuse me then, that onely doe endeavour
 To hold mine owne; which now I must, or neuer;
 Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
 No danger, but Parthenia must partake;
 Shall your Parthenia be indanger'd then?
 Parthenia shall be present, euen when
 The strokes fall thickest; and Parthenia shall
 Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall;
 Parthenia, in your greatest paines, shall smart;
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart:
 Can prayers obtaine no place, by this deare hand,
 The sacred pledge of our coniugiall band,
 By all the pleasures of our dearest loue;
 By heauen, and all the heauenly powers above,
 Or if those motiues cannot finde a roome,
 Yet by the tender fruit, that in my wombe
 Beginnes to budde, or if ought else appeare
 To thy best thoughts more pretious or more deare,
 By that, forsake me not, although the rest
 Prenaile not. Grant this first, this last request.

To whom the broken hearted Argalus
 Wearied, but not o'recome, made answer thus;
 My deare Parthenia: Thy desires neuer
 Gaine-said my will, till now: Doe not persener
 To craue that boone, I cannot grant: forbear
 To vrge me: Resolution hath no care:
 Weepe not (my Ioy:) Let not those drops of thine,
 That trickle from so faire an eye, diuine
 A foule successe: Cheare vp; A smile or two
 Would make me halfe a Conqueror, ere I goe:
 Shine forth and let no enuious cloud benight
 The glorious luster of so faire a light;
Doubt not my life: The iustnesse of my cause,

That

That brings me on, will quite me with applause;
Feare not, that such a blessing, such a wife
Was e're intended for so short a life:

Expect my safe returne; as quicke, as glorious;
My Genius tells me, I shall live, victorious.

So said, as if that passion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,
Shee stood betwixt amazement, feare, and wonder;
His lips tooke leaue, and as his armes surrounded
Her feeble waist, she straight fel down, and swounded,
But *Argalus*, transported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer stay; He trusts her to the guard
Of her owne women; left her, and repair'd
Vnto the *Campe*; wherein, he spent some dayes,
In parley, with *Amphialus*; and assaies
By all perswasive meanes, to make him yeeld
To iust demands, and not to staine the field
With needlesse blood; But finding him vnapt
For peacefull counsell (being strongly rapt
With his owne fame) and scorning to afford
His eare to any language, but the sword,
He ceas'd t'adviser him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this desie:

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If strong perswasions, backt with reasons, could
Bin honour'd with your care, your wisdom would,
In yeelding to so faire a peace, haue won
As ample glory, as your sword hath done:
You should haue conquer'd soules, where now at most,
You can subdue but bodies, that haue lost
The power to resist; But since my suit,

Sowne on so barren soyle, can find no fruit;
 Receiue a mortall challenge, from a hand,
 Whose iustice takes a glory to withstand
 So foule a cause, and labours to subdue
 Your headlesse errors, whilst it honours you:
 Compose you then, to make a preparation,
 According to your noble wonted fashion;
 And thinke not sleight, of ne're so weake an arme
 That strikes, when Iustice strikes vph' alarme.

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
 With noble speed, return'd these lines agen:
 Much more renowned Argalus,
 Your faithfull seruant, whose victorious brow
 Was neuer daunted yet, is daunted now,
 By your brave curtesie, being stricken dumbe
 With your rare worth, and fairely ouercome:
 Yet doubting not the iustnesse of my Cause
 (That's ouer-ruled by the sacred lawes
 Of dearest loue) will giue my sword the power
 Euen to maintaine it, to the latest houre:
 I shall expect your comming in the Isle,
 Where, with a heart, (not poyson'd with the bile
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,
 Your seruant shall be ready to make good
 His iust designs: assured of no lesse
 Then trebble fame, if crowned with successe:
 If not, There's no dishonour can accrew
 In being conquer'd, and o're come by you.

Amphialus.

Soone after, Argalus, (whose blood did boyle
 To be in action) comes into the Isle,
 Clad in white armor, gilt, and strangely drest

Wicks.

With knots of womans hayre, which from his crest
 Hung dangling downe, & with their bountious trea-
 Or's spred his *Corset* in a liberall measure; (sure,
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
 Like to a *flying Eagle*, round about
 Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast
 Into a costly *Iewell*) was made fast
 To th' saddle bow: Her spreadden train did cower
 His crooper, whilst the trappers seem'd to houer
 Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye,
 As the Horse pranc'd, the *Eagle* seem'd to fly.
 Vpon his arme, (his threatning arme) he wore
 A sleeue, all curiously embroydred ore
 With bleeding hearts, which faire *Parthenia* made,
 (In those crosse times, when fortune so betraid
 Their secret loue, and with a smiling frowne
 Dasht their false hopes) as copies of her owne.
 Vpon his shield (for his device) he set
 Two neighbring *Palmes*, whose budding branches meet
 And twin'd together; the obscure *Imprese*
 Imported this, *Thus flourishing, as these*:
 His Horse was of a fiery Sorrell. Blacke
 His maine, his feet, his taile; on his proud backe,
 A coaleblack *List*: His nostrils open wide,
 Breath'd warre, before his sparkling eye discryde
 An enemy to encounter; vp by turnes,
 He lifts his hasty hoofes, as if he scornes
 The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
 A way, to goe, and yet nere change the ground.

By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
 Thought minutes yeares) was landed in the *Isle*,
 In all respects provided, to afford
 As bounteous entertainment, as the sword

And *Launce* could giue : And at the trumpets sound,
The *Steeds*, (that needed not a pricke to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooth run-
Their staues, declining with vnshaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their masters will, with angry speed ;
But *Argalus* his well instructed *Steed*
Being hot, and full of courage (fiercely led
By his owne pride, prest in his prouder head
The which when stout *Amphialus* espide
(Well knowing it vn safe to giue his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men, and horse
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground ; But by accustom'd skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that succours still
Bold spirits, shunn'd the danger of the fall,
And had (lesse fear'd then hurt) no harme at all :
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now begun
To doe what their left staues had left yndone.

Haue ye beheld a *Leaguer* ? In what sort
The deepe mouth'd *Cannon* playes vpon the *Fort*,
And how by peccemailes it doth batter downe
The yeelding walls of the besieged towne ?
Euen so their swords (whose oft repeated blowes
Could finde no patience yet to interpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their prooffesse armours, that at length
Their failing trust began to proue vnfound,
And peece by peece, they dropt vpon the ground,
Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and vnarmed innocence :
Such deadly blowes were dealt, and such requited
That *Mars* himselfe stood rauisht and affrighted
To see the cruell *Combate* ; Euery blow
Did act two parts, both stricke & guarded too

At

At selfe same instant. So incomparable
Their skilfull quicknesse was, that none was able
To say, (although their watchfull eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equall skill and force
Of armes could show a better, or a worse:
Neither preuail'd as yet; yet both excell'd,
In not preuailing. Neuer eye beheld
More equall ods: No wound as yet could show
A drop of wasted blood, yet euery blow
Was full of death: *When skilfull Gamesters play,*
The Christmas box gaires often more then they.

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that neuer
Thirsted so long in vaine till now; nor euer
Made victory doubtfull for so long a space)
Fast'ned a wound on the disarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, whercin
Had not his faithfull shield borne part, and bin
An equall sharer, his vnequall foe,
No doubt, had summ'd his conquest, in that blowe;
With that the stout *Amphialus* whose harme
Gaue sprightly quicknes to his wounded arme,
Vphead his thirsty Brondyron, and let flye
A downe right blowe; but with a falsifye
Reuerst the stroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arme; But *Argalus*, that found
A losse of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more aduantage closely lay
Vpon a lower guard; withall, expecting
A hop'd reuenge, which was not long effecting:
For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, and proclam'd;
Vndoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast

As

As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
 The watchfull *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
 Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by)
 Put home a thrust, (his right foot comming in)
 And pierc'd his *Navell*; that the wound had bin
 No lesse then death, if *Fortune*, (that can turne
 A mischiefe to aduantage) had forborne
 To shew a miracle; for with that blow,
Amphialus last made, his arme had so
 Orestrucke it selfe; that sideward to the ground
 He fell; and falling, he receiu'd that wound
 Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blancke;
 But, falling, only graz'd vpon his flanke:
 Being downe; braue *Argalus* his threatening sword
 Bids yeeld; *Amphialus* answering not a word,
 (As one, whose mighty spirit did disdain
 A life of almes) but struiuing to regaine
 His legs, and honour, *Argalus* let driue,
 With all the strength, a wounded arme could giue;
 Vpon his head; but his hurt arme (not able
 To doe him present seruice, answerable
 To his desires) let his weapon fall;
 With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)
 Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt
 (Being clos'd together) with him, where, both claspt
 And grip'd each in th'unfriendly armes of either,
 A while they grapled, grappling, fell together,
 And on the ground, with equall fortune stroue;
 Sometime *Amphialus* was got aboue,
 And sometimes *Argalus*: Both ioyntly vow'd
 Reuenge; Both wallowed in their mingled blood;
 Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bids yeeld:
 And now *Amphialus*. Both would win the field,

Yet neither could; At last, by free consent,
They rose; and to their breathed swords they went;
The *Combat's* now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had beene but new begun:
New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
And warme blood entermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded arme had lost
More blood, then all his body could almost
Supply; and like an vnthrif, that expends
So long as he hath either stocke, or friends)
Bled more then his spēt fountaines could make good;
His spirit could giue courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that waxe old
In suit, (whose learned *Counsell* can vphold,
And glaze the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their tearmly golden tide
Shall flow alike, from both, 'tis hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall get the *Day*;
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebbe so long, till it shall ebbe too low,
His cause, (though richly laden to the brinke,
With right) shall strike vpon the *barre* and sinke,
And then an easie *Counsell* may vnfold
The doubt; The *question's* ended; with the gold:
Euen so our *Combatants*, the whil'ft their blood
Was equall spilt; the cause seem'd equall good,
The victory equall, equall was their armes,
Their hopes were equall; equall was their harmes;
But when poore *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his veines, (although it made a flood
A pretious flood, in the vngratefull field)
His cause, his strength, (but not his heart) must yeeld:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,

The more the proud *Amphialus* preuail'd :
 With that, *Amphialus* (whose noble strife
 Was but to purchase honour, and not life)
 Perceiuing what aduantage, in the fight,
 He gained, and the valour of the *Knight*,
 Became his suitor, that himselfe would please
 To pittie himselfe, and let the *Combat* cease:
 Which noble *Argalus* (that neuer vs'd
 In honour to part stakes) with thanks, refus'd;
 (Like to a lucklesse gamester; who, the more
 He loses, is lesse willing to giue o're)
 And filling vp his empty veines with spite,
 Begins to summe his forces, and vnite
 His broken strength; and (like a Lampe that makes
 The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
 His sword in both his hands; and at a blow
 Cleft armour, shield, and arme, almost in two:
 But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
 All pittie; and, trusting to his *Cards*, he sets
 That stock of courage, treasur'd in his brest,
 Making his whole estate of strength, his *Rest*;
 And vies such blowes, as *Arg'us* could not see
 Without his losse of life: so thundred he
 Vpon his wounded body, that each wound
 Seem'd like an open *Sluce* of blood, that found
 No hand to stop it, till the dolesfull cry
 Of a most beautious *Lady*, (who well-nigh
 Had runne her selfe to death) restrain'd his arme
 (Perchance too late) from doing further harme:
 It was the faire *Parthenia*, who that night
 Had dream'd, she saw her husband in the plight
 She now had found him, Feare and Loue together
 Gaue her no rest, till they had brought her thither:

The

The nature of her feare did now begin
 T'expell the feare of Nature; stepping in,
 Betweene their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
 Before their blood bedabled feet, to say
 She knew not what; for as her lips would striue
 To be deliuer'd, a deepe sigh would driue
 Th'abortiue issue of her language forth;
 Which, borne vntimely, perisht in the birth;
 And if her sighes would giue her leaue to vent it,
 O, then a teare would trickle, and preuent it;
 But when the winde of her loud sighes had laid
 The shower of her teares, she sobb'd and said:
 O wretched eyes of mine! O wailfull sight!
 O day of darknesse! O eternall night!
 And there she stopt; her eyes being fixt vpon
Amphialus; she sigh'd, and thus went on:

My Lord,

*Tis said you loue: Then, by that sacred power
 Of Loue, as you'd finde mercy in the houre
 Of greatest misery, leaue off; and sheathe
 Your bloody sword: or else if nought but death
 May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
 Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine
 Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
 For *Argalus* his life; then take mine first:
 Or, if for noble blood you seake, if so
 Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
 And worth the spilling: Euen for her deare sake,
 Your tender soule affects, awake, awake,
 Your noble mercy: Grant I care not whether:
 Let me dye first: or, kill vs both together;

With that *Amphialus* was about to speake,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break

To heare *Partheniaes* words) made this reply,
Parthenia, ah *Parthenia*; *Then must I*
Be bought and sold for teares? Is my condition
So poore, I cannot line, but by petition?
 So said; He stept aside (for feare, by chance,
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance
 And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain;
 Would haue begun the *Combat* fresh againe:

But now, *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
 Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's suit, from whose faire eyes there came
 Such precious teares, in so belou'd a name;
 His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
 Was ouercome; his very soule did smart;
 He stirred not, but kept him at a distance,
 And (putting by some blowes) made no resistance.

But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyle,
 Must out at last, although they blaze a while;
 Trees wanting Sap, must wither: strength and beauty
 Can claime no priuiledge to quit that duty
 They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
 (The vnfound supporters failing) must decline:
 Poore *Argalus* growes faint, and must giue o're
 To strike; his feeble arme can strike no more;
 And natures palefac'd *Bayly* now distraines
 His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
 Vnpaid; His arme that cannot vse the *poynt*,
 Now leanes vpon the *pomell*; every ioynt
 Disclaimes their idle sinews; and his eye
 Begins to double euery obiekt by;
 Nothing appeares the same it was; the ground,
 And all thereon does seeme to dance the round;
 His legs grow faint, and thinking to sit downe,

He

He mist his *Chaire*; and fell into a swoone :

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with hast, *Amphialus* began
To lose his *Helmet*, whil'st her busie palme
Chaf'd his cold *Temples*, and (distilling Balme
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her linnen sleeues, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the teare-mixt blood away, and wrap
His wounds withall; vpon her panting lap
She laid his liuelesse head, and (wanting bands
To binde the bloody cloathes) her nimble hands
(As if they were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty haire, by handfuls from her head;
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was faine
With sighs and sobs to drie it vp againe:
Thus halfe distracted with her griefes and feares,
These words she entermingles with her teares;

*Distrest Parthenia! Into what estate
Hath fortune, and the direfull hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soule? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all ioyes, but now,
Now turn'd th' example of all misery,
For torments, worse then death, to practise by!
How lesse then nothing art thou? and how more
Then miserable! Thou that wert before
All ladies of the earth for happinesse
But very now, (ah me) now, nothing lesse:
O angry heauens, what hath Parthenia done,
To bethus plagu'd: or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty? what shall poore Parthenia doe?
To whom shall she complaine? alas! or who*

Shall giue reliefe? nay who can giue reliefe
 To her, that hopes for succour from her grieve?
 O death! Must we be parted then for euer?
 And neuer meet againe? what, neuer? neuer?
 Or shall Parthenia now be so unkinde,
 To leaue her Argalus, and stay behind?
 No, no, my dearest Argalus, make roome,
 (There's roome enough in heauen) I come, I come.

Who euer saw a dying coale of fire,
 Lurke in warme embers (till some breath inspire
 A forc'd reuiual) how obscure it lies;
 And being blowne, glimmers a while, and dies:
 So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
 Giuing new life, (a life in spite of death)
 Recall'd him from his death-resembling traunce,
 Who from his panting pillow did aduance
 His feeble head, and looking vp, he made
 Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

My deare Parthenia: Now my glasse is runne,
 The Tapours tell me that the Play is done,
 My dayes are summ'd, Death seizes on my heart,
 Alas! the time is come, and we must part:
 Yet by my better hopes, grimme death does bring
 No grieve to Argalus, no other sting
 But this, that I must leaue thee, euen before
 My gratefull actions can crosse the score
 Of thy deare merits:
 But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still
 Disposes all things by his better will,
 Depend vpon his goodnesse, and relye
 Vpon his pleasure, not inquiring why:
 And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
 Enioy each other, ne're to part agen:

Alcane

*Meane while line happy: Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her ioyes on earth, which shall increase
His ioyes in heauen, and soules eternall peace:
Loue well the deare remembrance of thy true
And faithfull Arg'lus; let no thought renew
My last disgrace: thinke not the hand of Fate
Made me unworthy, though vnfortunate:*

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
A sigh, whose vio'lence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twaine; and when a parting kisse
Had giuen him earnest of approaching blisse,
Hee snatcht his sword into his hand, and cryde,
O Death! thou art the conquerour, and dyde.

With that *Parthenia*, whose liuelihood was founded
Vpon his life, bow'd downe her head and swounded;
But, Griefe, that (like a Lion) loues to play
Before it kils, gaue Death a longer day,
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose deare life she liued.

But ah! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deepe,
Too too vnruely, to be lull'd asleepe
By ought but Death, She startles from her swound,
And nimble rising from the loathed ground,
Kneeles downe, and layes her trembling hand vpon
His luke-warme lips, but finding his breath gone,
Griefe plaies the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her
She knowes not were, vnbounded rage deprives her
Of sense and language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to doe, nor what she does:
Sometimes, her fayre misguided hand would reare
Her beauteous face, sometimes, her bounteous haire,
As if their vse could stand her in no stead,

Since

Since her beloued *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an *Idoll*, fastned to his place;
Where with a world of teares, he did bemoane
The deed, that his vn lucky hands had done)
Well knowing, that his words would aggrauate,
Not ease the misery of her woefull state,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To vrge her to the *Ferrie*, where together
With her dead *Argalus* she'embarkt; from whom
She would not part: no sooner was she come
To t'other shore, but all the funerall state
Of military discipline did waite
Vpon the *Corps*, whil'st troopes of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well perform'd solemnities:
The martiall *Trumpet* breath'd her dolefull sound,
Whil'st others traild their *Ensignes* on the ground:
Thus was the most lamented *Corps* conuaid
Vpon a *Chariot*, lin'd, and overlaid
With *Sables*, to his house; a house, then night
More blacke, no more the *Pallace of Delight*;
Where now we leaue him to receiue the *Crowne*
Prepar'd for vertue, and deseru'd renowne;
Where now we leaue him to be full possesst
Of endlesse peace and euerlasting *Rest*.

But who shall comfort poore *Parthenia* now?
What *Oratory* can preuaile? or how
Can counsell chuse but blush to vndergoe
So vaine a taske, and be contemned too?
May *Reason* moue a heart, whose best releefe
Consists in desperate yeelding to a griefe?
Or what aduise can relish in her eares,
That weepes, and takes a pleasure in her teares?

Reader

Readers, forbear, sorrowes that are lamented,
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented,
 Forbear attempt, where there is no prewayling,
 A desprate griefe, growes stronger by bewailing:
 Leane her to time and fortune: let your eyes
 No longer pry into her myseries;
 True mourners lone to be beheld of none,
 Who truly grieues, desires to griene alone.

But now our bloodhound *Muse* must draw, and
Amphialus, and bring the Murtherer backe, (track
 To a new Combate: Where, if fortune please
 To crowne our Tragick Sceane, and to appease
 The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood;
 Our better rellisht story (making good
 Your hopefull expectations) shall befriend
 The teares of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soone as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worne
 The danger of his wounds, and made returne
 Into the martiall campe, there, to maintaine
 His new-got honor, and to entertaine
 Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
 Or seeke for satisfaction from his hand;
 An armed *Knight* came praunsing or'e the plaine,
 Denouncing warre, and breathing forth disdain:
 Foure dam'fells vs herd him, in fable weeds;
 And foure came after, all on mourning Steedes;
 His curious Armour was so painted ouer
 With lively shadowes, that you might discover
 The image of a gaping Sepulchre;
 About the which, were scattered here, and there
 Some dead mens bones: His horse was black as Iet;
 His furniture was round about beset
 With branches, flipt from the sad *Cypresse* tree,
 His *Bases* (reaching farre below the knee)

Embroydred o're with *wormes* : vpon his *shield*,
For his *Imprese*, he had a beauteous childe,
Whose body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead ; the t'other (drawing on)
Did seeme to gaspe for breath, and vnderneath,
This *Motto* was subscrib'd, *From death, by death* :
Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who sent as quick replye.
Forthwith, being summon'd by the Trumpets sound,
They start ; but braue *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had mist his *Rest*, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take aduantage, would not let
His Launce descend, nor (brauely passing by)
Encounter his befriended Enemy :

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
Such vnsupportable mishappe) forooke
His white-mouth'd *Steed*, throwing his *Launce* aside,
(Which too too partiall fortune had denide
A faire successe) drew forth his glittering *sword* ;
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhorr'd
A conquest meerly by aduantage gain'd,
Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his sword ; and for a little space,
Their strokes contended with an equall pace,
And fiercenesse : He did more discouer
A brauery, then anger, whilst the other
Bewray'd more spleene, then either skill, or strength,
To manage it : *Amphialus*, at length,
With more then wonted ease, did batter so
His ill defended armour, that each blow,
Open'd a doore, for death to enter in ;
And now the noble *Conquerour* does begin
To hate so poore a conquest, and disdain'd
To take a life, so easily obtain'd,

And

And mou'd with pittie, (stepping backe) he staid
His vnrelisted violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more; but take the peace
Of your owne passion; Let the combate cease,
Seeke not your canlesse ruine; turne your arme
(Better imployd) gainst such, as wish you harme:
Husband your life, before it be too late,
Fall not by him, that ne're deserv'd your hate.*
To whom, the *Knight* return'd these words againe,
*Thou lye'st false Traitor, and I here disdaine
Both words and mercy, with a base defie,
And to thy throat, my sword shall turne the lye.*
To whom *Amphialus*, *Vnciuill Knight*,
Couragious in nothing, but in spight,
And base discourtesie, thou soone shalt know,
Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart or no:
And as he spake, he gaue him such a wound
Vpon the necke, as struck him to the ground;
And, with the fall, his sword (that now denyde
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side;
That done, he loos'd his *Helmet*, with intent,
To make his ouerlauisht tongue repent
Of those base words, he had so basely said,
Or else, to crop him shorter, by the head.

Who euer saw th'illustrious eye of noone
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) send downe
His earth reioycing glory, and display
His golden beames vpon the sonnes of *Day*;
Even so, the *Helmet* being gone, a faire
And costly treasure of vnbraided haire
O'respred the shoulders of the vanquisht *Knight*,
Whose, now discover'd visage (in despight
Of neighb'ring death, did witnesse and proclame
A soueraigne beauty in *Parthenia's* name,

And she it was indeed, see how she lies
 Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes
 (Blest in their best desires) had espied
 His face already, for whose sake she died:
 The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while e're
 Stroue in her Cheekes, till they compounded there)
 Haue broke their truce, and freshly false to blowes,
 Behold; the *Lilly* hath o'recome the *Rose*:
 Her Alabaster neck (that did outgoe
 The *Doves* in whitenesse, or the *new fallen snow*)
 Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seeke
 Protection there, being banisht from her cheek:
 So full of sweetnesse was her dying face,
 That death had not the power to displace
 Her native beautie; onely by translation,
 Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus* (in whom griefe and shame
 Of this vn lucky victory, did clame
 An equall interest) prostrate on the earth,
 Accurs'd his sword, his arme, his houre of birth;
 Casting his *Helmet*, and his *gauntlet* by
 His vndissembled teares did testifie
 What words could not: But finding her estate
 More apt for helpe, then griefe (though both too late)
 Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
 His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer
 Their needlesse helpe, and, with his life, to show
 What honour a deuoted heart could doe:
 Whereto *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
 Gaue speedy signes of a desired death)
 Turning her fixt (but oft recalled eyes)
 Vpon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies,
*Sir, you haue done enough, and I require
 No more; Your bands haue done, what I desire*

What

What I expect; and if against your will,
The better; so I wish your favours still;
Yet one thing more (if enemies may sue)
I craue, which is, To be vntoucht by you;
And as for Honour, all that I demand,
Is not to purchase honour from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no such bargaine made; That he,
Whose hands had kill'd my Argalus, should helpe me;
Your hands haue done enough, I craue no more;
And, for the deed sake, I forgieue the Doer,
What then remaines? but that I goe to rest
With Argalus, and to be repossesst
Of him, with him for euer to abide,
E're since whose death, I haue so often died.
And there she fainted (euen as if the Clock
Of death had giuen a warning, e're it struck)
But soone returning to her selfe againe;
Welcome sweet death, said she, whose minntes paines:
Shall crowne this soule with euerlasting pleasure;
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leasure:
Delay me not: O doe me not that wrong,
My Argalus will chide, I stay so long,
O now I feele the Gordian knotted bands
Of life untied: O heauens! into your hands,
I recommend my better part, with trust
To finde you much more mercifull, then iust,
(Yet truly iust withall) O life, O death,
I call you both to witnesse, that this breath
Ne're drew a blast of comfort, since that houre
My Arg'lus dyed: O thou eternall power
Shroud all my faults beneath the milkewhite veile
Of thy deare mercy, and when this tongue shall faile
To speake, O then:
And as she spake (O then) O then she left

To speake; and, being suddenly bereft
Of words, the fatall Sister did diuide
Her slender twine of life, and so she dyed.

So dyed *Parthenia*, in whose closed eyes
The world of beauty and perfection lyes
Lockt vp by Angels (as a thing diuine)
From mortall eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leauing the world no *Relique*, but the story
Of earths perfection, for the mouth of fame
To consecrate to her eternall name,
Which shall suruiue, (if *Muses* can diuine)
(Though not in these poore monuments of mine)
To th'end of dayes, and, by these looser rimes
Shall be deliuer'd to succeeding times;
So long as beauty shall but find a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall neuer end:
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
Be held a sinne, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lampe,
This Lampe of honour, he forsooke the *Campe*,
And, like a willing pris'ner, was confinde
To the strict limits of a troubled minde;
No *Jury* need b'impanell'd or agreed
Vpon the *verdict*, none, to attest the deed;
None to giue sentence, in the *Iudgement* hall;
Himselfe was witnesse, *Jury*, *Iudge*, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilst we turne our eyes
Vpon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cryes
Inforce a helpleffe audience: *It is said*,
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
One snateht *Partheniaes* sword, resolu'd to dye
Partheniaes death: Another rauing by,
Stroue for the weapon; through which eager strife,
They

They both were hindred : and each sau'd a life.
Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their carelesse bodies on the purple floore :
Where, sprinkling dust vpon their heads, they tore
Their tangled haire, and garments, drencht in teares:
And cryde, as if *Partheniaes* blessed eares
Could heare the voyce of grieve, such griefes as would
Returne her from her glory, if they could :
Each heart was turn'd a wardrobe of true passion,
Where griefes were cloathed in a severall fashion,
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, and renew
Their wasted passions, and, oft-times, they bann'd
Themselves, for obeying her vniust command.

And now by this, the mournfull *Trumpe* of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame
And spread her dolefull tidings, whilst all cares
And eyes were fill'd with death, and sliding teares;
Pity and *sorrow* mixt with *Admiration*,
Became the threefold subiect of all passion:
Griefe went her *progresse* through all hearts, and none
From the poore *Cottage* to the princely *Throne*,
Cold own a thought, whose best aduice cold borrow
The smallest respite from th'extremes of sorrow

But all this while, *Basilus* princely brest,
As it commanded, so out grieved the rest;
His share was treble : Hearts of *Kings* are deepe
And close; what once they entertaine, they keepe
With violence : The violence of his passion
Admits no meane, as yet, no moderation;
But soone as griefe had done her priuate rights
And dues to *Honour* : *Honour* (that delights
In publique seruice, and can make the breath

Of sighes and sobs to triumph ouer death)
 Call'd in *solemnity*; with all her traine
 And military pompe, to entertaine
 Our welcome *Mourners*, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
 The slumbring body, to that *bed* of rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred *ashes*, There, intomb'd, lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians*, once a yeare;
 Visit the ruines of their *Sepulchre*;
 And in memoriall of their faithfull loues,
 There, built an *Altar*, where two milk white *Dones*
 They yearly offer to the hallowed *Fame*
 Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

FINIS.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the damaske Rose you see,
 Or like the blossome on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flowre of May,
 Or like the Morning to the day,
 Or like the Sunne, or like the shade,
 Or like the Gourd which Jonas had,
 Even such is man, whole thred is spunne,
 Drawne out and cut, and so is done.

The Rose withers, the blossome blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The Sunne sets, the shadow flies,
 The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
 Or like a morning cleare and bright;
 Or like a frost; or like a showre,
 Or like the pride of Babels Towre;
 Or like the houre that guides the time;
 Or like to beauty in her prime;
 Even such is man, whose glorie lends
 His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish; the morne or casteth,
 The frost breakes, the shower hasteth
 The Towre falls; the hower spends,
 The beauty fades, and mans life ends.

Finis. Fr. Qu.

The authors dreame.

My finnes are like the haire vpon my head,
 And raise their audit to as high a score:
 In this they differ: these doe daily shed;
 But ah! my finnes grow daily more and more.
 If by my haire thou number out my finnes;
 Heaven makes me bald before the day begins.

My finnes are like the sands vpon the Shore;
 Which every ebbe layes open to the eye,
 In this they differ, These are couer'd o're
 With every tyde. My finnes still open lye:
 If thou wilt make my head a sea of teares
 They will hide the finnes of all my yeares.

My finnes are like the Starres within the skies
 In view, in number euen as bright as great.
 In this they differ. These doe set and rise.
 But ah! my sins doe rise but neuer set.
 Shine Sun of glory and my sins are gone
 Like twinkling Stars before the rising Sun.

Finis. Fr. Qu.

